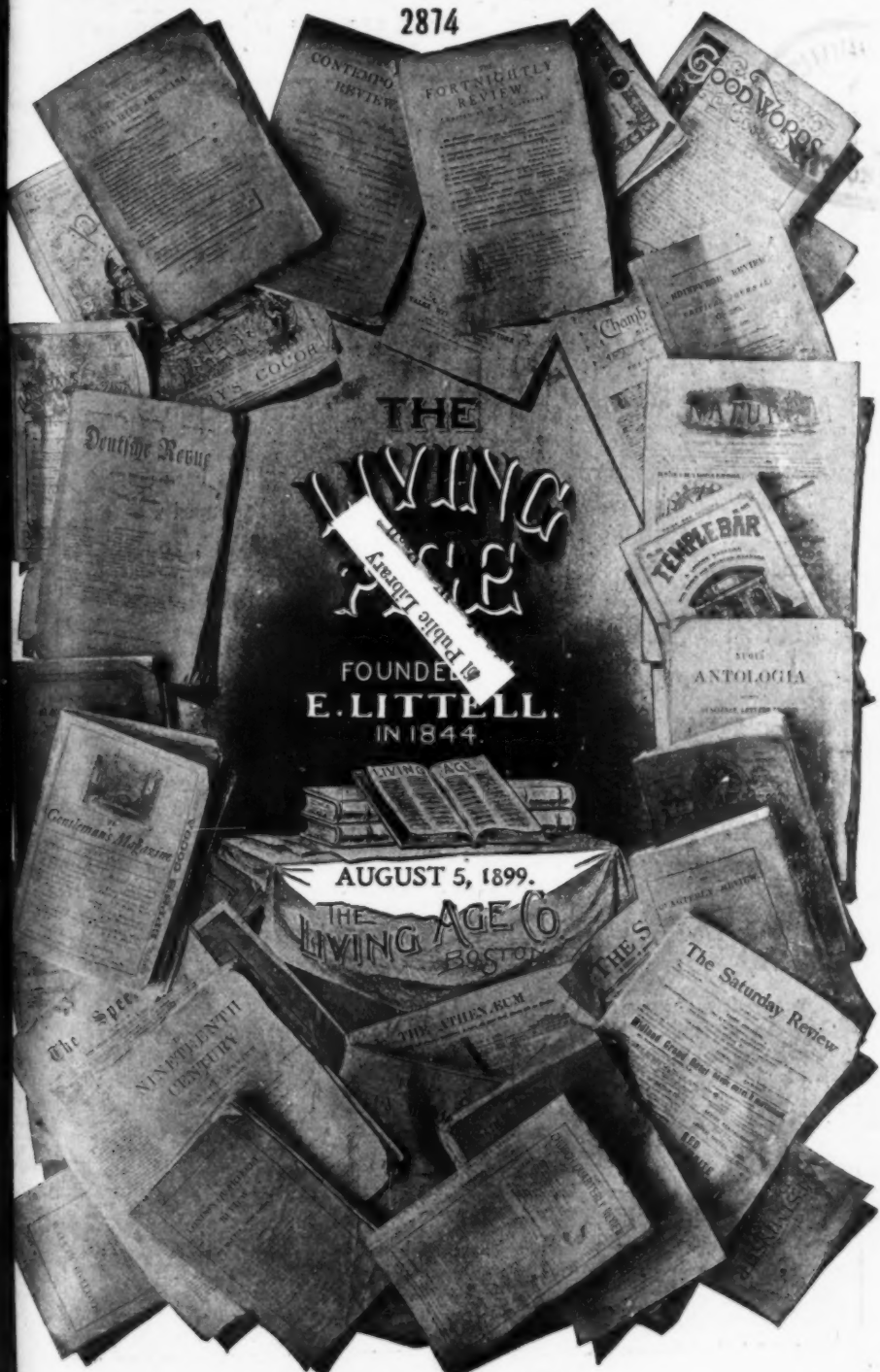


THE SOCIAL NOVEL IN FRANCE. By Madame Darmesteteter.

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{ From Beginning.  
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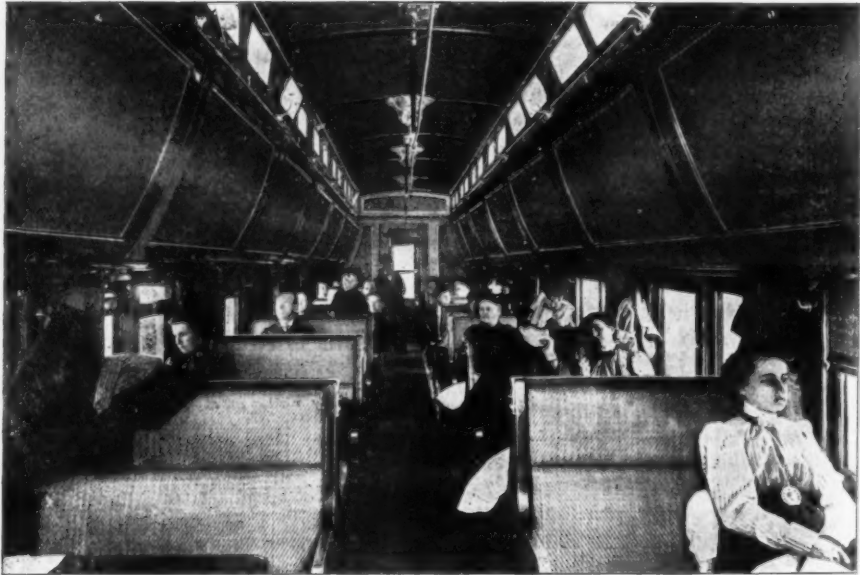
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## THE SOCIAL NOVEL IN FRANCE.\*

People in England are constantly complaining that French novels are not what they were. And that is true: the crop is slighter, and the quality has abruptly varied. "Ye cannot gather grapes of thistles." A few months ago one of the first of French novelists told me how impossible he found it to lose himself in an imaginary world while such ominous rumors fill the streets of Paris. The intricate Chinese puzzle of fashionable psychology, seems, after all, a trivial thing compared to the tremendous issues of reality. And if the author feels this, judge of the sentiments of the reader! The effect of the "Affaire Dreyfus" on literature has been the sudden disappearance of the *roman-à-trois*, the old Provençal theme of the married lady, her husband and her lover. After a brilliant renaissance, after occupying almost the whole area of fiction, this theme has subsided; and if people read and write novels still, to a certain extent, these novels, or at any rate the best of them, have a wholly different motive, interest, and intent.

Only last April, M. Gaston Deschamps, in a brilliant essay, compared this sudden ebb-tide of imaginative literature with a similar phenomenon, of which we possess the record, a century

old. In 1785, no less than in 1899, letters in France were stricken dumb; they were dumb, because had they spoken ever so loudly, they would have found no one to listen to them; for every one was aflame for *l'Affaire*; the diligences and "water-coaches" carried to the depths of the provinces the latest details and revelations concerning *l'Affaire*. In the salons of Paris no other subject was mentioned, and to mention that was dangerous, provocative of stormy passions. The whole Diplomatic Corps of Europe was in travail of *l'Affaire*. The Cabinet Councils were occupied with nothing else. The butterflies of Versailles, and the wiser ants of the profoundest courses of learning and philosophy, were equally impassioned, fevered, and thrown out of their normal round by the tragic, the fantastic, and the scandalous, the impenetrable mysteries of *l'Affaire*. On August 19, 1785, the Prince de Condé writes to the Princess of Monaco: "Ah! mon cher amour, quelle horreur que cette Affaire! Je me'n doutais bien, c'est une atrocité! Ah! cher amour, quel temps que celui-ci!"

The *Affaire* was the affair of the Diamond Necklace. Shortly afterwards there was a revolution in France.

In such a crisis, the intrigues of Ma-

\* A Lecture delivered before the Women's Institute, May 26, 1899.

dame de Moraines, or even of Madame Bovary, will pall upon minds accustomed to more searching problems and more violent sensations. It may be, indeed, that evolution is carrying us beyond the limits of what I have called the Provençal theme. It was Auguste Comte, I think, who first predicted that the art of the future would produce, as its triumph, the sociological poem: that is to say, the work of fiction which shall occupy itself less with the comedies and tragedies of sentiment, or with the incidents of history, than with the gradual evolution of a society. I doubt it. In every state of society the human heart remains the same. And, so far, I believe, almost every novel-reader, in his inmost self, prefers the novel which is a love story. Yet Auguste Comte's ideal novel has begun to exist; it persists and flourishes in despite of our resistance. Nothing is more significant in art. Many of us can remember the coldness, the bewilderment, the sheer boredom, with which the mass of the musical public greeted, some twenty years ago, the epic operas of Wagner. There was then more scorn than homage in the voices that proclaimed the great trilogy the music of the future! Wagner continued none the less to beat out his meaning; and, as I have said, the form of art which, in spite of opposition, exists, persists, insists, is nearly always destined to triumph in the end. Now we are all Wagnerians. In twenty years, perhaps, we may all of us admire the social novel.

## I.

As an introduction to a form of art still somewhat harsh and crude and new, we have, by a great good for-

<sup>1</sup> The Uprooted.  
<sup>2</sup> The Elm Tree on the Mall.  
<sup>3</sup> The Wicker Dummy.  
<sup>4</sup> The Amethyst Ring.  
<sup>5</sup> The Decay of the Land.

tune, the masterpiece of a master. We can all read the exquisite satires of M. Anatole France. And yet, no less than "Les Déracinés,"<sup>1</sup> the unreadable epic of M. Barrès, these delicious pages compose what Comte would have called a sociological poem. The still unfinished series of social studies, which so far consists of "L'Orme du Mail,"<sup>2</sup> "Le Mannequin d'Osier,"<sup>3</sup> and the quite recent "Anneau d'Améthyste,"<sup>4</sup> appear under the general title of "Histoire Contemporaine." Contemporary History! The title might serve for almost every important work of fiction that has seen the light during the last four years in France, including (besides the novels of M. Anatole France and M. Barrès) M. Bazin's "La Terre qui Meurt,"<sup>5</sup> and two extraordinarily strong, harsh, and vivid studies by a new writer, Edouard Estaunié (a name to remember), called respectively, "L'Empreinte"<sup>6</sup> and "Le Ferment."<sup>7</sup> We may extend the title to M. Paul Adam's Napoleonic novel "La Force,"<sup>8</sup> and perhaps even to such dramas as M. Octave Aurbau's "Les Mauvais Bergers,"<sup>9</sup> and M. François de Curel's "Le Répas du Lion,"<sup>10</sup> for all of these are, in truth, sociological poems, studies in contemporary history. And we could cite others, such as "Le Sang des Races," the colonial novel of M. Louis Bertrand, which pictures French Algeria, peopled by Spaniards and Maltese. These are the best; and the list, though incomplete, suffices to show the recent growth and the vigor, already mature, of the sociological novel in France.

With the exception of the three volumes by M. France, every book on our list is a novel with a purpose. M. France is as incapable of a purpose as Laurence Sterne himself; his fancy

<sup>6</sup> The Stamp.  
<sup>7</sup> The Ferment.  
<sup>8</sup> Might.  
<sup>9</sup> The Unfaithful Shepherds.  
<sup>10</sup> The Lion's Meal.



has a myriad eyes, and beams genially to-day on that which it will delicately dissolve tomorrow. No writer was ever more aware of the relativity of things in general. He sees that, taken as a whole, Nature is everywhere much of a muchness. The party which is always in the right; the course of action which is invariably just, disinterested, and intelligent; the country which never causes its truest patriots a pang—these be phantoms due to a limitation of our vision. M. France is a clear-sighted critic: he believes in none of these. And yet, in his latest novels he has taken a side; he has assumed the part of a man of action, almost a leader; he has thrown in his lot with a definite body of men—although it may be somewhat in the spirit of M. Renan, who when asked if he would vote with his party were he elected Senator, replied sagaciously "Sometimes."

M. Anatole France begins his Contemporary History in 1895. At that time there were not, as there are to-day, two great parties in France engaged in a vital struggle, the one fighting for the maintenance of authority as established, the other striking out for an enlarging of the bounds of liberty. No; four years ago France was in a ferment of inchoate factions. Panama had completed the discredit of the Parliament; and the different fragments of the Republican party held together chiefly through fear of the Socialists and Anarchists, having no common aim or unity of purpose. Disgust of the corruption of politicians had done much to attract the thinking class towards a possible Orleanist monarchy; while the army was known to be disaffected towards a Republic, which dreads and distrusts a victorious general as completely as it condemns an unsuccessful one. The Church, on the other hand, by an unexpected evolution, had gone over

from right to left, apparently in the hope of transforming a Government which it had found itself unable to overthrow. And all over France, but especially in the South, the poorer classes, while profoundly distrustful of the Parliament, were distinctly Republican, inclining in Provence and Gascony to a shade of Radicalism, almost Socialist in the redness of its flag. Such is the state of affairs when M. France, taking us by the hand, leads us to his anonymous "Cloud-Cuckoo-town," and especially to that shaded seat beneath the Elm Tree on the Mall, where the principal personages of State, Army, Church, and University love to linger awhile on quiet afternoons and talk over the affairs of the nation.

Such is the *milieu*; the theme of the series is the election of a bishop to the historic See of Tourcoing; the theme may sound bald and dry; trust M. France! No theme equals it in variety of wit and play of imagination. It may appear void of what is called feminine interest. Trust M. France again. It is only too full (much too full) of feminine interest of the most startling kind. "L'Anneau d'Améthyste" is no book for the young person. It is a cinematograph from which all the most conspicuous features of French society unroll themselves and flash before our faces; the clerics with their tact, their learning and their falsity, beginning with the Archbishop, unparalleled for his exquisite manner, vacuity of mind, and gingerly knack of handling human souls and interests—*ad majorem Dei gloriam* . . . the General of Division, a true General of the Third Republic, spectacled, lean, formal, exact, and timid; of so abstract a turn of mind that the troops he commands scarce seem real to him, till he has docketed off every man jack of them on to a separate card, like books in a library

catalogue. Then, indeed, there are no manœuvres he cannot accomplish with his phantom armies, shifting and sorting his little packs in their tin boxes, while he contemplates officers, sergeants, and men in a form superior to reality in its exactness, regularity, and ease of manipulation. . . . the University, split up into endless factions in 1895, but some three years later cohesive and solid over three parts of its bulk, owing to the—may I say—*coagulating* action of the *Affaire Dreyfus* upon the class which recent slang has dubbed intellectual . . . the country gentleman, whose open mind contrasts so quaintly with his inherent prejudices; indeed, M. de Terremondre makes us suspect an English strain connecting him with all the Brookes of Middlemarch. . . . Strongest of all is the unrivalled portrait of the Jewish Prefect, Worms-Clavelin, wise enough in his generation to affect no vain zeal towards Ministers—for Ministers in France are false and fleeting phantoms; so Worms reserves his confidence and service for the great Government offices, the *Bureau*, which outlive a score of Ministries, and in reality accomplish the administration of France. Towards these humble and invisible omnipotences Worms bears himself assiduously; but the dearest aim of this little Republican Jew, grown up in the garrets and the *bonis-bouis* of Montmartre, common to the core, with the mind and manners of a traveller in imitation jewelry—his true ambition is to be on good terms with the few fine old Royalist families he is called to rule over. And he is not unpopular in these exclusive spheres. After all, for a politician, Worms is fairly honest. He is honest enough to be respectable, and yet not too honest to be serviceable and good-natured. He is tolerant, accepts good-humoredly the monarchical principles of the Duc de Brécé and the Marquis

de Gromance, knowing that these principles are purely platonic, and, like the matches of his Government, warranted not to strike, either on the box or anywhere else. Facetious, indulgent, indifferent and infinitely sceptical, he admits without rancor the variety of human judgments. He is even almost *bien-pensant*, and the daughter he has by his marriage with Noémi Coblentz is educated in the strictest shade of fashionable Catholicism in the Convent of the Sacré Cœur at Neuilly. Loud as he is, familiar, grotesque, absurd, his vulgarity is somehow a point in his favor, and passes for a sort of unpretentiousness. The county nobles admit him more readily than a starched University Professor, or a Cabinet Minister *nouvelle couche*, who, one or other, might possibly suppose their hosts looked upon him as an equal. And when, by some lucky shot, the Prefect does not fire his loaded gun in their faces, or insult his entertainers downright in the indulgence of his sense of humor, then these well-bred and agreeable persons say that Worms is, after all, less awkward than one would suppose, and at bottom not devoid of a certain tact and *savoir vivre*. And the odd thing is, they are right!

Worms is a snob, and therefore anti-Semitic. "*Les Juifs ne sont pas mes amis*," he says. But to every one of his *administrés* Worms is himself a Jew, a foreigner, a cuckoo in the nest. Personally he is popular enough. The Conservatives prefer him to some red-hot Radical from Marseilles; the Radicals think him less dangerous than a *Rallié*, always suspect of a latent tenderness for the altar and the throne. Worms-Clavelin belongs to no one and compromises no one. Just as the Florentine Republic used to choose a foreigner for Podestà, the French Republic long ago has found out the utility of the tolerant, easy-going He-

brew as a "fender" to prevent the clash of parties. But all the while the future is preparing her revenges. And before long, poor Worms will discover that he was but a tool, a very cat's-paw for all his slipperiness. Already his one hope of justice lies in the sole party he has always consistently despised, neglected, and discouraged—in Socialism. And there is an irony, particularly dear and delicate to the palate of M. France, in this transient importance of the political Jew who so largely administers an anti-Semitic France.

Worms-Clavelin, of course, has his candidate for the See of Tourcoing. He, or rather his wife, inclines towards Monsieur l'Abbé Guitrel, owing to whose good nature the salon at the Prefecture is re-furnished with marvellous old chasubles and church furniture, bought really, you know, for an old song. But it is another little Jew, M. de Bonmont, who gives the affair the last turn of the screw. Ernest de Bonmont (he has had the social tact to translate his Austrian name of Gutenberg) is one of the richest young men in France. Though still occupied for the most part in grooming his horse, making a bran mash, or peeling potatoes for the regimental mess, in company with youthful ploughmen or mechanics of his own age (M. de Bonmont, you divine, is undergoing his term of military service), still our young man has had time, at twenty-one, to have exhausted the pleasure-giving powers of almost everything that money can buy, and the list of them is long. "The things that money can't buy easily," said Swift's Stella, "are the things to choose for a present." It is on a present of this sort that young Ernest de Bonmont has set his resolute, tenacious, adroit, ingenious mind.

The one thing he wants and cannot buy is the silver hunt-button of Brécé;

the *bouton* which gives the right to wear the colors of the Ducal Hunt, and to join the pack, not as a mere guest, but as a member, one of the inner circle. The difficulty of the thing is its spice. For the Duc de Brécé, if not as ingenious, is as obstinate as young Gutenberg—I mean Bonmont. In vain the young soldier induces his mother to offer to the Ducal Chapel a magnificent gold *ciborium*. The Duc is half offended and growls out: "What mania sends these Jews poking in our churches?" Nor, when the Abbé Guitrel observes that, after all, Madame Jules de Bonmont is a good Catholic, will the Duke say more than:

"Converted or no, a Jew's a Jew for a' that!"

Therefore when Ernest de Bonmont quietly asks M. l'Abbé to procure him the hunt-button of Brécé, the wise cleric shakes his head, and hints that the thing is not easy, nor to be obtained through so slight an influence as that of a poor Professor of Eloquence at the local seminary. The will is his, indeed, but the means are insufficient. Bonmont looks at the shabby priest in admiration and surprise, for he recognizes a spirit as subtle as his own.

"I see! I have it, M. l'Abbé! For the moment you can do nothing. But once a bishop, you would just flick me off the hunt-button as easily as a hoop from a merry-go-round."

And the "Anneau d'Améthyste" chronicles the efforts of young Bonmont, private soldier and archi-millionaire, to obtain the Bishopric of Tourcoing for his advocate and client.

But what has happened? I have not said a word of the most important, the most living, the most singular personage of these novels—of a character as truly a type as an individual, as completely an individual as a type. And that is natural enough, for in relating the intrigues, the manœuvres, the par-

ty politics, which form, so to speak, the woof of these studies, M. Bergeret inevitably slips through the meshes. He is elusive, detached, indifferent as a stoic philosopher. But M. Bergeret's is an elegant stoicism, dashed with an epicurean grace—the philosophic irony of a Sterne, which turns more and more to the scathing satire of a Swift. M. Bergeret, you gather, compared to his illustrious creator, is as the image in the glass to the object it reflects: one surface and one appearance of a complex reality. M. Bergeret is M. France; and yet M. Bergeret is a modest Professor of a provincial university, at once timid and distant, stoical and sensitive, indifferent and susceptible, affectionate and rancorous. He gives but a scant attention to the affairs of the world about him. He is absent-minded; he is remote; M. Faguet has even complained that he is stupid. But we know that a paradox is dear to the heart of M. Faguet. This century, as a fact, has known few spirits more intelligent than M. Bergeret; but this intelligence of his is usually concentrated on the probable degree of civilization attained in Mars, or the systems of naval architecture which Virgil had in view when describing the fleets of the *Æneid*. Meanwhile he dwelt obscure:

M. Bergeret was not happy. Honors had not been thrust upon him. It is true that he had small esteem for such honors. But he felt the better part would have been to have despised them, whilst in receipt of them. He was obscure, and less known in the town than M. de Terremondre, author of the "Tourist's Guide;" or than General Milher, locally distinguished in more than one branch of letters. He was even less celebrated than his own pupil, M. Albert Roux of Bordeaux, whose decadent poem, "Neræa," had at least seen the light. Certes, he had scant esteem for the fame of letters, knowing that the universal glory of Virgil reposes upon two misconstruc-

tions, one fantastic misreading, and a sort of pun. Yet he suffered in having no commerce with such writers as MM. Faguet, Doumie, or Pellissier, in whom he fancied he detected some affinity with his own mind. He would like to have known them, to have lived in their society in Paris, to have written like them in the great reviews, to have contradicted them, equalled them—who knows?—perhaps surpassed them. He had, he knew it, a certain delicacy and fineness of mind, and he had written passages which he felt to be agreeable. He was not happy. He was poor, crowded with his wife and three daughters in a narrow set of rooms where he tasted to excess the incommodities of family life. He liked not to see his writing table bestrewn with ladies' hair-curlers, and his manuscripts shrivelled at the edge where the curling tongs had been tried upon them. In all the world he had no place to himself, no agreeable retreat, unless it were the shady bench beneath the old elm tree on the mall, or the corner where the second-hand books were piled in Pallot's book shop.—("L'Orme du Mail," p. 239.)

Solitary, melancholy, and a lover of solitude and melancholy, M. Bergeret had scant desire to impose his opinions even on his dearest friends, and has too much taste ever to wish them adopted by the common herd. A man accustomed to look into the core of things, quietly passing by the explanations which habit and fashion pass off upon the most of us, he is well aware that current evils spring from profound and hidden causes, and that even those who most cavil at them will have, when it comes to the point, neither the strength, nor the patience, nor the boldness, to uproot them. Therefore, M. Bergeret accepts things as they are, with the tranquil ataraxy of a stoic philosopher. Only once or twice in his quiet days does some considerable injustice so inflame him, and spur him to such a passion of impatience, that, for a while, he conceives it possible to do something, after all,

in the way of a reform. The second novel of M. France's Contemporary History, "Le Mannequin d'Osier," contains the recital of Bergeret's tilting against the institution of matrimony as by law established. It might have been written by a New Woman—only I never met the New Woman who could have written it. The third volume, "L'Anneau d'Améthyste," in which M. Bergeret appears as a champion of Dreyfus, has a tilt at most institutions as by law established—and gives a fairly true picture of a human society in which war is a recognized and honored institution, wealth a badge of merit, and a title to consideration, credulity and ignorance expected in people of taste, and ambition or intolerance apparently the only forces capable of stirring men to public action.

M. France has looked upon contemporary society and has seen that it is bad, and not only bad but ludicrous and ineffectual. The basillisk, they say, when it sees its own image reflected, dies of horror. So, with this charitable purpose well in mind, our Academician holds up the mirror to modern society.

## II.

M. France as we have said had a tilt at most things with that delicate lance of his which shines as keenly as it dislocates. But of all the great forces of a State, Army, Administration, Church or School, that which he attacks the least is education. M. Leterrier and M. Bergeret, both professors, are the two most sympathetic characters of the "Anneau d'Améthyste." Five years ago they detested each other, for the one is an idealist and a philosopher, and the other a critic and a sceptic. Over the *Affaire Dreyfus* they have

buried the hatchet; and in the union of these two devoted servants of Pallas-Athene, in the creation of the party of the "Intellectuals," M. France sees the brightest feature of the future.

Meanwhile another body of novelists headed by M. Maurice Barrès and M. Estaunlé, is engaged in a formidable warfare with the public schools, attacking them with serious reasoning and vivid demonstration. According to them, a false system of education is at the base of all that is wrong in France, and by a timely reform the national character may yet be strengthened and a social crisis averted. I hardly know whether M. Barrès or M. Estaunlé was the first to maintain this theme. At the very time when M. Estaunlé, a young inspector of telephones, little known to letters, brought out in the *Revue de Paris* the novel "L'Empreinte,"<sup>11</sup> which first revealed his dry, powerful, acrid, and indignant talent, M. Barrès published that great book, "Les Déracinés,"<sup>12</sup> which it is impossible not to consult if one wishes to study modern France, and almost as impossible to read—should one wish to enjoy a novel.

"L'Empreinte" arraigns the system of religious education, as illustrated in the fashionable schools of the Jesuits—a system which extracts the principle of volition from the human soul, and substitutes obedience to authority. The pupil of the Jesuits is the pupil of the Jesuits all his life—the officer at the staff college, the author of talent, the man of action, no less than the missionary, obeys the impulsion of a conscience that is not his own, of a will imposed by a higher power infinitely respectable, it may be, a court of higher appeal constantly deciding what is right and what is wrong. But this court of higher appeal ought to lodge in our own hearts: it is that un-

<sup>11</sup> The Stamp.

<sup>12</sup> The Uprooted.



written law which Antigone dared obey. The noblest and most disinterested education which disregards this inner tribunal, and substitutes the authority of any ready-made moral code, is of a necessity condemned to be second rate, and can only bring up a generation of Cleons and Ismenes.

In his second novel, just published, "Le Ferment," M. Estaunié brings much the same charge against the education supplied by the State. Here, too, the individual is brought up, not to be an individual with the free play of all his faculties, but a definite part of the mechanism of the State. "Le Ferment" is the tragedy of ultra-specialized education, the sad history of young minds formed, at infinite expense, to fill one definite place in the complicated wheel-work of the social machine, and to find that place already filled. Poor little useless heap of cog-wheels, in a world that has already more cog-wheels than it wants! What use or beauty is there in a surplus cog-wheel? The thing is trash. . . . But these cog-wheels feel and think and reason with a rancor and indignation not given to the leavings of machinery. For, after all, no education, however imperfect, can really make a man into a machine. However complete the process of professional deformation which has stunted or thwarted his development, Nature will assert her power, will try to redeem matters, perhaps in a startling, a formidable fashion of her own. The young engineers out of work, who are the heroes of M. Estaunié's new book are, one and all, and each in their degree, destined to swell the ranks of anarchy.

Listen to Chenu, the Socialist, the best of this band of the State-maimed, State-blinded, State-starved; hark what he says:

Every year, whatever the commercial demand, the number of state manufac-

tures, the condition of private enterprise, every year alike two hundred beings, precisely similar, are turned out of our Engineering School. That is nothing. The Technical School, the School of Mining, the Schools of Bridges and Highways, the innumerable private schools with which Paris is covered, send forth at least five hundred more. And that's nothing still! The provinces have caught the complaint. Lille, Marseilles, Nancy, Bordeaux, are full of Chemical Institutes, Technical Schools, Schools of Engineering. If there were a Mop Fair for engineers at the end of the year, there would be at least a thousand seeking employment. And every one of the thousand exacts a due interest on his expensive education; every one of them, armed for conquest, is resolved to succeed in the struggle for life. . . .

Ah, you can't throw them on the dust-bin, all these strong, young lives, who have toiled and learned and mastered—and who starve! They have lost their color over their books and problems; their bodies are stunted and enfeebled by an exaggerated production of brain.

What will you do with them? Throw them on the dust-bin as so much mere surplus and rubbish? No; that shall not be! That cannot be! There is more life in them than that! Cast them away on the dunghill if you will. They'll germ there and sprout there, and you'll see yet their strange harvest! And your honest *bourgeois* turns pale when he thinks of the workmen who have "got no work to do." Imbecile! The workman is the right hand: *we* are the brain that prompts! The workmen are the dough. The yeast is such as we—the yeast, the invisible ferment, that, in the struggle for life, transforms, decomposes, recomposes, the matter that surrounds it. Ah, ah, have you ever thought of it, this yeast of a novel sort? All the out-of-work and the over-worked of science, all the dupes, all the disabused and disenchanting, who, knowing no justice awaits them after death, claim from this world their due share of all this world can give? Have you ever seen it, this intellectual yeast, secretly preparing the new bread of the future—a ferment of death, or a ferment of life, I don't pretend to say? The es-



sential is that it shall modify the dough and transform the food of the world; for the food *must* alter.<sup>1</sup>

No less than the two novels of M. Estaunié is M. Barrès' "Déracinés" concerned with the problems of education; in this case, too, the State school is the villain of the plot, and it may be thought strange that the three most successful novels of the last three years should be occupied with this question. But in France it is a burning question. All this last winter ministers and professors have been holding solemn conclave inquiring into the causes of this insufficiency of public education. This very year, during the April Sessions of the Councils-General, many departments (departments, you know, are the French counties) formulated the hope that the public schools might be re-modelled, rendered less uniform, decentralized, and adapted, in the different regions and provinces of France, to the special needs and situation of those regions and provinces. Then there is the question of what we call in England the "modern side." Not only in the provinces, but among the eminent *savants* and professors consulted in Paris, we hear at every turn of the necessity of improving and raising the standard of the modern side. There is no doubt of it, France is weary of the centralized and rhetorical form of education which, for near a hundred years, has developed the memory, the elegance, the orderliness of France at the expense of her initiative and her critical faculty. Under the Second Empire there was a famous Minister of Public Instruction, who used to impress his friends by suddenly drawing out watch, glancing at it, saying:

Ah, it is just a quarter to eleven [for instance]: at this moment every

<sup>1</sup> Le Ferment. Edouard Estaunié. Paris: Perrin, 1899.

Fourth Form in France is busy constructing [say] the third book of "Caesar."

And now France is tired of so much uniformity. She has at last remembered that she is, perhaps, the most varied country in the world by nature and history. And she sees no reason why at Lille and at Bordeaux, at Nancy and at Nantes, Aix en Savoie and Aix en Provence, all these little schoolboys who are so unlike each other by tradition and habit, by race and by the requirements of their future lives, should be forced into the same mould and compelled, willy-nilly, to learn just the same tasks at just the same hours. "Less rule," she cries, "and more liberty! Let us follow the diversity of Nature! Let us teach our children, not only to think with freedom and to reason with exactness, but let us teach them also to observe, to invent, to feel, to act, and to dare! Away with the generation of state-bred functionaries, who can be excellent civil servants, but nothing else: let us breed up a race of *savants*, inventors, farmers, tradesmen, manufacturers, and colonists, as befits a modern nation, great in peace no less than formidable in war!"

All this may seem a digression in a paper on French novels. But French novels are full of these things nowadays. In fact, to understand them at all one has to begin by reading Mr. Bodley's "France!" There is hardly any love story in any of them, and least of in "Les Déracinés." This romance of the "Uprooted" narrates the fortunes of seven young Lorrainers educated together at the Lycée of Nancy. The attraction of Paris draws them from their natural provincial orbit, for the end and aim of their education has been to prepare them for Paris and to estrange them from Lorraine. The society into which they were born no longer suffices them.

And, if it is insufficient no one has thought of showing them how to improve it and make the best of it. So Paris takes them, and then they are as young foxes without a den, as young coney without a warren. They, too (no less than the heroes of M. Estaunié), swiftly become fresh candidates to Anarchy. . . . If there is indeed to be a revolution in France, as the English papers love to say, we may say that the state has done her best, involuntarily, to foster and nurture and breed such a revolution. I speak of the stormy sort. Myself, I believe as firmly as any one, that there will be one day soon a revolution—a great revolution—in France: a turn of the wheel that will push things on surprisingly. But then I believe it will be wholly pacific, wholesome, and profitable, to France and thereby to the entire continent.

The seven young "Uprooted" do not go down without a struggle. Ah no! they believe in the struggle-for-life: they believe in it not wisely, but too well! Their education has been denuded of the religious idea—of what Renan used to call the Category of the Ideal. They have little inner life, but they have tremendous undirected energies and they are determined to use them. Several of them are young men who, so to speak, stick at nothing. Listen to Racadot, who supposes himself to be imbued with the scientific spirit:

"Everything in nature lives and succeeds at the expense of something else, and behaves as if self-preservation were the one law, the end it was made for, and as though its own duration were the chief object of the universe. To each of us, at heart, other people are only *means*, only conveniences or obstacles!"

Ah, Racadot, that might be true in theory, if, beyond the individual, beyond *man*, there were not a *society*.

"bound by every law of self-preservation," as you would say, to safe-guard the rights of the weak! Racadot forgets this and—in an evil hour—he commits the crime of Dostolevsky's student-hero: he assassinates a light woman in order by her gains to assure his own well-being and expansion. And the sharp snap of the guillotine ends the theorizing of Racadot. Thereupon M. Barrès solemnly assures us that the real criminal was the Minister of Public Instruction. If Racadot had been brought up to his natural position at Nancy he would not have gone to the bad in Paris. M. Barrès continues:

"A wise administrator attaches the animal to the pasture that suits him, gives him a reason for living and persisting in his natural surroundings, and places every human being in such a situation that he recognizes his native place as naturally his. Such a one finds for every man under his control an employment among the group he was born into, and thus educates him not only to respect a society of which he feels himself a part, but, if needs be, to waive his own interests before those of the whole collectively.

"But we bring up young Frenchmen as though they might some day be called upon to do without a mother-country. . . . The University, so pious, so indulgent, so hospitable towards the civilizations of antiquity, has not yet ventured to own an enthusiasm for the various forms of national life in France."

This page from a novel as yet barely two years old might have inspired more than one of the Councils-General last April.

If novels in France are less read abroad to-day than they were ten years ago, they make up for that by the different and superior influence they have acquired at home!

## III.

What M. Barrès and M. Estaunié have done for educational reform, a younger novelist still, M. Louis Bertrand, in his new novel, published last month, has done for another question of the hour—for the Colonial question. M. Bertrand, a young professor of rhetoric at the Lycée of Algiers, has been, I think, much impressed by the genius of Kipling. What Kipling has done for Anglo-India he has striven to do for French Algiers. And he has, in truth, produced an extraordinarily brilliant and moving and animated picture of France Beyond the Seas, which by a *tour de force*, is at the same time a social thesis of an ingenious audacity.

According to M. Bertrand, the French colony of Algiers is a sort of magic bath, in which exhausted Spain, almost dead on her own shores, wakes to a new life, to a wonderful renewal of youth. The characters of this remarkable book are chiefly carters, carriers, or muleteers, and almost all Spaniards. A few Maltese, Piedmontese, and Arabs diversify the scene. But here is the point of the story!—In this French novel of a French colony *there are hardly any Frenchmen!* By no display of rhetoric could M. Bertrand have brought home his point so convincingly as by this impressive silence, this clinching argument of the empty place. France holds a colony, one of the fairest in the world, rich, splendid, beautiful, temperate, the glory of Africa—capable of regenerating the most effete and impoverished of nations—and, excepting some few hundred functionaries, there are no Frenchmen there! Thus, with the natural heightening of all true art, but yet with an emphatic sobriety, with that

“exaggeration of under-statement” which, of old, Greek taste admired—M. Bertrand puts the case. Colonization has had many advocates across the Channel of late. One is almost ashamed to stay at home in France—and especially in Paris—so many eloquent apostles bid us sell all we have and go plant the vine in Algiers, or corn in Tunis, or coffee in Madagascar, or india-rubber in Dahomey. This gospel has been preached by the whole army of explorers, by more than one man of science, by an Academician as brilliant as M. Jules Lemaitre and a novelist as well known as M. Huguesle-Roux. We doubt if any of them have pushed the matter home so closely as this young professor from Algiers unknown six months ago.

“*Le Sang des Races*”<sup>14</sup> came out this winter in the *Revue de Paris*; at the same time the *Revue des Deux Mondes* was bringing out a novel by that pathetic and charming writer M. René Bazin, an Academician of to-morrow. No less than all the other novels we have spoken of, “*La Terre qui Meurt*”<sup>15</sup> is a sociological poem: it treats of the decay of agriculture, of the desolation of the under-worked country districts whence the big towns and the colonies (*pace* M. Bertrand) drain the necessary hands. But it is also an exquisite love-story, an admirable landscape of a country unique in its kind: the salt marshes of La Vendée, a misty land all palest green, where the roads are canals and the wagons are punts—a land of meadows and water and willows. And you may read it, if you like a novel, whether or no you care for a sociological poem.

Well, of all things there must be an end, even of sociological poems. Time and space are nowadays too closely crowded for any one subject to venture

<sup>14</sup> The Genius of the Race: *Le Sang des Races*. Bertrand. Paris: Calman Levy. 1899.

<sup>15</sup> The Decay of the Land: *La Terre qui*

*Meurt*. Par René Bazin. Paris: Calman Levy. 1899.

on an epic length. I will say no more of the social novel in France. But I hope to have suggested that French novels are not extinct. They have only

Suffered a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange.

Something more complex, more earnest, more intellectually stimulating, deeper, too, and more opulent in ideas and information, if less sentimentally interesting, than their immediate fore-runners. Should the subject appeal to one there are plenty of them to study. I have not said a word of M. Paul Adam's extraordinary Napoleonic nov-

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el, "La Force;"<sup>16</sup> nor of two remarkable plays (which treat of the relations between capital and labor), "Les Mauvais Bergers,"<sup>17</sup> by M. Octave Mirbeau, and "Le Repas du Lion,"<sup>18</sup> by that extraordinary and unequal genius, M. François de Curel, the man who, perhaps, with M. France, has the most original mind of any living French writer. His play, also, is a sociological poem. But what does that matter? And, now I come to think of it (a little late in the day, to be sure), what a pity it is I did not devote this hour to M. François de Curel, instead of prosing away about the social novel in France!

Mary James Darmesteter.

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## TWO CITIES: LONDON AND PEKING.

Two cities in the modern world claim pre-eminence as the capitals of the two most populous empires in existence—Britain and China. Both claim further attention as the respective centers of the two leading types of human civilization, as well as of the great political interests that have in them their foci. London, the metropolis of the English-speaking world in the extreme West, with Peking, the metropolis and Mecca of the Indo-Chinese nations in the Far East: one at either extremity of the great Eurasian Continent, a counterpoise, as it were, to each other, they stand forth like sentinels at the two ends of the ancient world. These two beacons of light and learning, situated on the margin of the once impenetrable bounds of the watery setting, in the midst of which *terra firma* stood forth,

now both face that New World, of the existence of which their respective founders were profoundly ignorant, but which bids fair in the not far distant future to reshift the center of gravity to a new Continent. In the meantime a comparison of the points of analogy and of antithesis which these two great Metropolises offer to the unprejudiced observer, visiting them as they now exist at this latter end of the Nineteenth Century, offers much matter for reflection, from which I purpose to select a few of the more salient points.

All British interests center in London, for as long as the wide Empire which acknowledges the sway of the Queen of England holds together, so long will the title deeds of its vast possessions continue to be held in the British Metropolis. The bonds that unite its scattered parts may be drawn yet tighter, as the patriotic friends of "National Unity" so ardently desire,

<sup>16</sup> *Might*.

<sup>17</sup> *The Unfaithful Shepherds*.

<sup>18</sup> *The Lion's Meal*.

or they might conceivably be so far slackened as to admit of absolute Colonial independence; but short of annexation to another power, its varied offshoots and dependencies will still continue to regard London as the common focus of their civilization, as much as it must forever indisputably rank as the fountain source of their common history. So the numerous heterogeneous provinces of China proper and the outlying regions over which the Emperor of China still holds sway as well as those which no longer pay their tribute—although still compelled to acknowledge their primary obligation to China for the elements of their written languages, their arts, their ethics, and their civilization generally—all still look up to Peking as their common *alma mater*, while their learned men regard a pilgrimage thither as the crowning step in their educational career. The decrees of the Chinese Emperor, if no longer regarded as actually divine even by his own immediate subjects, are still respected as oracular dicta of an infallible pope,<sup>1</sup> and a peacock's feather or silk riding jacket bestowed by him, or, still better, a tablet with his autograph, is the highest honor this world can offer. The members of the vast bureaucracy that rules the lives and fortunes of 400,000,000 of people must, one and all, proceed to Peking to do homage on promotion, while the surrounding semi-independent nations like Corea, Anam, Siam, Nepaul, and Burmah, have all been accustomed to send their representatives at regular intervals to lay tribute at the feet of the "Son of Heaven." Even Britain, her once upstart and proud antagonist, has, by her latest treaty with poor despised Peking, now become enrolled in the

<sup>1</sup> The Emperor of China, as God's Vicerent on earth, has alone the right to offer sacrifice to Heaven directly. His subjects can only approach Heaven through the intermediary of a saint.

register of tribute-bearing worshippers at the Dragon Throne, for has she not agreed that the annexation of Burmah to her Indian Empire shall not interfere with the old custom of decennial tribute? I see no harm in thus flattering the harmless pride of so venerable an Empire—now, alas! sinking in its dotage.

Peking, although its existence as the capital of the small state of "Yen" dates from the fifth century B. C., was only raised to the rank of metropolis of the Chinese Empire after the conquest of the "Liao" or Kitan Tartars, which was effected by the "Kin" Tartars, or "Golden Horde," in A. D. 1125, who made Peking their seat of government under the title of Ch'eng-Tu or "Central Stronghold." The word "King," meaning capital, was then first applied to the old city of the Yen, its alternative name under the Kin Tartars being "Yen-king," or capital city of Yen. By the Mongol conquest, A. D. 1215, it was again degraded into a provincial city, Genghis-Khan holding his court of nomad warriors at Kara-koram. But in A. D. 1275, Peking was once more restored to Imperial rank by his grandson Kublai-khan, Marco Polo's great patron, under whom it was known as Ta-Tu, or great stronghold, in Chinese, and as "Khanbaligh," or City of the Khan, in Mongolian, euphonized by old Marco in the world-renowned "Cambalue." The name "Pe-king," literally "Northern Capital," was unknown until A. D. 1409, when the third Emperor of the Ming dynasty, known under his "style"

<sup>2</sup> "In Xanadu did Kubla Khan  
A stately pleasure dome decree;  
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran  
Through caverns measureless to man,  
Down to a sunless sea.

"So twice five miles of fertile ground  
With walls and towers were girdled round;  
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,  
Where blossomed many an incense-burning tree;  
And here were forests, ancient as the hills,  
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery."

Yung-Lo, transferred his seat of government hither from "Nan-king," the "Southern Capital," with the, as subsequent events proved, fruitless object of being in a better position to defend his dynasty from his northern foes. So much for the history of this venerable capital. It goes to show that London has nothing to yield on the score of antiquity to its Eastern rival.

London appears to have had its origin in prehistoric times in a fort built at the first practicable crossing of the Thames open to an invader from the adjoining continent making his way northwards, and from that small beginning to have grown rather than to have been made the emporium of learning, arts and commerce, in which its early fortress origin would have become entirely obliterated but for the happy survival of the Tower of London. Peking also was originally a fortress, and a fortress—of mediæval type be it well understood—it still remains. Built as a watch tower over against the unruly tribes of the north, the quarter whence all Chinese invasions have come, its Tartar conquerors expanded it into their Court and camp, and this stamp of its origin pervades the whole of the vast enclosure at this present day. Bearing a striking resemblance to the symmetrical encampment which the Roman discipline required to be erected at every halt of their armies, this city has its earthen rampart, brick-faced and with crenulated top, set four square about it; a wide approach from the southern tower-capped gateway leading to the commander-in-chief's quarters—now the Imperial palace—with the pavilions of his staff to the right and to the left—now the palaces of the princes of the blood—with the bulk of the army arranged round about in their orderly rows of tents set out along wide alleyways giving ample room for rapid manœuvring. The wide, low, curved-

roofed buildings of to-day are but the crystalized tents of yesterday. This is the modern Manchu city, which surrounds on all four side the Imperial City, an inclosure within an inclosure, the former a parallelogram three and a half miles by four, an area of fourteen square miles, having within it a second walled parallelogram, the "Forbidden City," about one mile square. In this latter lives the Emperor; immediately outside and around him his faithful Manchu bodyguard, who alone are supposed to inhabit the Manchu city. This bodyguard is known as the "Eight Banners," who form the twenty-four territorial divisions of the garrison. Outside, again, are encamped the sutlers—the Chinese—come to buy and sell to the Army and the Court. Their quarters cover a somewhat smaller area (five miles by two), and are also surrounded by a brick-faced earthen rampart of the same type, though lower than that of the Manchu citadel adjoining. Peking is laid out on a grand plan, is intersected by noble avenues forty and fifty yards in width, and its temples and palaces, though decayed and dilapidated like everything in the China of to-day, stand with imposing grandeur in wide park-like enclosures—a marvellous contrast to the narrow, crooked thoroughfares of London, and the shabby framing, generally limited depth of, and cramped approaches to her most ambitious buildings.

If the approach to the port of London (and the gate by which no few of her visitors from the Continent enter her renowned precincts) is on the murky surface of the open sewer into which modern science has succeeded in converting the once gracious Thames, the approach to the barbaric splendor of the Chinese metropolis is little less disheartening, but in another sense. Here we have a magnificent approach, too, in the shape of a grand stone cause-



way, which at the time of its construction by the "Mings," nearly five hundred years ago, was probably the greatest work of its kind then in existence. It extends from the eastern gate of the capital down to Tungchou, its port, a provincial walled city built at the head of navigation of the Peiho river. It is a paved roadway formed of enormous stone blocks, quarried from the western mountains, laid on a causeway of earth raised some four feet above the surrounding plain. The blocks average eight by three feet surface by two in thickness. Not having been touched apparently since the day that the great Ming Emperor had them orderly placed there, time has undermined their bed; they lie tilted at every conceivable angle, and they now form a barricade rather than a road of approach. Yet—and it is hardly to be expected that any one who has not been there and seen it with his own eyes will believe the statement—over this "obstacle chase" come and go daily four-fifths of the whole trade and travel of the metropolis of this huge empire with the outer world. The traffic on the road is enormous: carts (springless, of course)—some with passengers and some with goods—camels, laden donkeys, mules and pack-horses, sedan chairs and wheelbarrows follow in endless procession from dawn to dark. To the well-mounted equestrian able to enjoy it at his ease from the swampy but safer vantage of the country alongside the sight is a most inspiring one; but that officials from every corner of the Empire, who must come and go by this road upon their periodical visits to the capital to do homage on promotion, should have accepted it so long, apparently as an ordinance of nature, is truly astonishing. It would be thought that some among them, who have arrived at high positions, such as Viceroy and Privy Councillors,

would have reformed this abuse; but apparently they have no more control over it than have our own mandarins, who stroll on the river terrace at Westminster, over the pollution of the Thames. The serious and obvious temporary disadvantages to be encountered in carrying out the much-needed reformation outweigh in their minds the permanent good to be reaped in the future. In either case the possible future gain appears too remote for it to act as an incentive to prompt and immediate action, and so, such palliative measures, as an alternative road in the worst parts, where land is obtainable alongside, or the filling up with rubbish of some of the most dangerous holes in the roadway, sum up the repairs of centuries. To the Chinese, and alike to the conservative-minded Londoner, radical treatment seems fatefully distasteful.

Thus, as roadmakers, we are justified in regarding the Chinese with well-merited contempt; but how does a comparison of their pellucid waterways hold with regard to our own polluted streams? We are content simply to put out of sight the offensive accumulation of refuse matter, but in China, owing to the imperative demand for fertilizers in an over-populous land, and to the absence of guano islands on its coasts, the people have solved in principle one of the most difficult questions attending large agglomerations of human beings, if not quite successfully, at least in a manner more logical than that of casting it into the sea. In the outskirts of these northern cities advantage is taken of the extreme dryness of the air and the great heat of the summer sun, to manufacture the solid dejecta into a valuable portable fertilizer by mixing it with earth, when it is made up into small flat discs, perfectly inodorous, and in appearance not unlike oatmeal cakes; these are neatly packed in

sacks suitable for land transport, and sold to farmers for about 10s. a cwt. In the south where the summer air is too moist for this process, and where cheaper water carriage is available in almost every direction, the soil is removed bodily on to the land that needs it in its natural condition, and thus the invaluable nitrates which the crops extract from it are returned direct to the soil. In and around Peking, however, the demand does not equal the supply, and as the above-described process is carried out as a private enterprise and from no sanitary motives, a large portion of the refuse is simply thrown upon the streets, where nature quickly disinfects it by a covering of "dry earth" from the dusty plains that surround the city. Thus, we see that the Chinese have indeed shown us how this matter can be treated, but as the produce cannot bear the expense of long land transport, sufficient only for the immediate neighborhood is actually produced. In countries permeated by the iron road the market should be a larger one. In Peking the vast residuum is unfortunately dealt with in a manner most offensive to the foreign residents, but habit renders the natives almost unconscious of the imperfections attending this time-honored method of ridding themselves of the chief incumbrance of city life all the world over. Indeed, a stranger visiting Peking for the first time, especially if the weather happen to be wet, which is fortunately not often, is so appalled and disgusted with the state of the streets, that he wonders how it is possible for any mortal, even Chinese, to continue alive there, much as one entering London for the first time when a black November fog was at its height, and especially a foreigner who had never before heard of the phenomenon, would marvel at the fact of existence, not to say the pursuit of business and

pleasure under such strange conditions. In both capitals "custom" seems to have rendered supportable by the natives conditions which *a priori* philosophers would infallibly have pronounced impossible. And that the two greatest capitals of the Old World should each accept such abnormal conditions so submissively, and apparently thrive under them, is but another of the many evidences we possess of the natural adaptability of the human race to environments the most unnatural. Peking did, indeed, once possess a magnificent system of underground drainage, but now the stone ruins of them that remain are nothing but traps for the unwary in which men and horses are now and again fatally lost.

If a Pekingese is remonstrated with on their atrocious system or rather absence of system of drainage he replies: "It is bad but it can't be helped." And indeed it is not easy at once to suggest a remedy that shall meet the peculiar conditions of the place. The old plan prescribed by Moses to the Jews worked no doubt admirably in a camp probably under a mile square but in a city covering fifty times that area it is evidently impracticable. Our sanitary engineers, if given full play, are capable of devising a scheme that should meet all the conditions peculiar to the place, scarcity of funds being not one of the least. Taking advantage of its dry air and wealth of open spaces, dessication on a large scale would probably be suggested, and were such a desecration of the sacred city permissible, tramways would remove the produce to the outskirts cheaply and effectively. Apropos of carriage transport, it is worthy of remark that no city in Asia offers a more promising field for the cheap and popular tram—horse or electric—than Peking with its wide straight avenues, busy population, and present absence

of all easy means of locomotion. High officials ride in sedan chairs with four bearers, others ride on ponies and asses, and the greater number are content to be jolted in the springless carts that toil in crowds through the uneven streets; for the roadways are nothing but the natural soil dug out from the sides and heaped up in the center with the added garbage. This central causeway, with its surface of hill and dale, is bounded by two lines of stagnant, foul-smelling swamp which intervenes between it and the narrow sidewalks that run under the eaves of the gaudily decorated shops or alongside the endless walks of the residential parks and temple grounds which occupy so much of the city's space. The poorer masses ply their way along on foot as best they can, and he is a man of daring who ventures to move abroad when darkness has once set in. Indeed after sunset the streets of the Eastern metropolis are almost entirely deserted.

On the other hand, if a stranger asks a Londoner why he puts up with the fogs which recur every winter with painful regularity and, as the city goes on growing, with steadily increasing virulence, he will doubtless reply, "The discomfort is unavoidable. Our system of open coal fires is too deep-rooted to be abandoned, besides being the healthiest mode of house-warming yet devised." If you point to the enormous monetary loss involved in the destruction of clothing and art materials by the sulphurous fumes and the slimy black deposit of the soot-laden fog, he may give you the short-sighted answer that it is good for trade. If you ask him if it is good for trade that in the first shipping port and chief depot of the world's commerce business should be suspended, often for a week at a time, while an impenetrable pall hangs over her wharves and warehouses, he will reply that the volume of trade

probably remains the same, and that it is only a temporary suspension which is followed by increased activity when work is resumed. Nor is an appeal to the æsthetic side of much more avail. The æsthetic feelings are not deeply rooted in the English character, and even in one in whom they are, you will find an apologist who will declare that the grime on our buildings does but complete the chiaroscuro which forms the charm of London prospects and adds that *cachet* of originality which makes London unique in the impression it creates on the sympathetic visitor. If, then, you ask him whether it is good that for nearly half the year the wealthy leisured class should be driven away to spend their incomes (often earned in London) in foreign lands, he will reply that the fog is a necessary accompaniment of the climate, and that those who can will escape it anyway by removing to the Riviera and the sunny South. Further, "custom" reconciles the native to all the discomforts of his surroundings, and leads him to submit to the inevitable with scarcely a murmur. Thus each capital has its own amenities, which, forcibly though they strike a stranger, exist almost unnoticed by the native. A Londoner visiting Peking marvels at the barbarity still rampant in the heart of the polished civilization of China, while a Pekingese in London (*teste* the reply once made to me by a Chinese ambassador in Portland Place, on my inquiring how he liked the British metropolis), sums up his impressions in the words "too dirty." To a Londoner who has lived in Peking it seems merely another instance of Chinese self-conceit when a Pekingese dares to expatiate on the dirt of London, as is to a Chinaman our own inexplicable pride in our agglomeration of dingy, cramped, mean-looking, ill-arranged, courtyard-lacking houses, which con-

stitute the metropolis of the British Empire.

This special amenity of the Chinese capital which we have just described, probably has its origin in the habits of the camp which practically constituted the Peking of the Mongol conquest—habits which have survived its expansion into a magnificent city of a million inhabitants; curiously enough, it was about the same date that the "smoke nuisance" began to make itself felt in London. Up to the time of our Edward II. wood and charcoal appear to have constituted the common fuel, but already in his reign sea coal was coming into use, for we find, in A. D. 1316, Parliament presenting a petition against coal from Newcastle which resulted in the total prohibition of its use. A fine was imposed for the first offence, and a second offence was punished by the uprooting and destruction of the offending chimney. From these small beginnings we have gone on until now the great smoke-producing factory of London uses up annually five million tons of our precious store of black diamonds, and destroys at the lowest estimate five million pounds a year of property, directly ruined by its emanations. A reckless waste and a cruel destruction! Yet the evil has grown and grown and been submitted to for seven hundred years, not entirely without a murmur, but absolutely without any serious effort to amend it. And is there really no remedy forthcoming? Fogs there will always be along the Thames valley, but, apart from the fact that they are believed to be attracted by, and their duration prolonged by, the cloud of sooty particles in suspension in the air of our great cities, such white mists are innocuous, and in a state of nature seldom prevail for days together. Eliminate the "blacks" from the London fogs and they will be shorn of all their terror. So with the sewage:

we shall always have it with us; but face the fact squarely and openly, and admit the necessity of dealing with it in the first instance each in our own houses, and means for its subsequent removal and disposal will in due time be found. Prohibit the pollution of the Peking streets, and the inhabitants will soon discover a better method, as have the large Chinese population that dwells within the bounds of the "Model Settlement" of Shanghai. This is not the place, even had we the space at our disposal, to discuss methods; we have not even touched upon the health question, which some will think the most important of all. A good suggestion in regard to the smoke nuisance was, however, made by a distinguished London physician, the reader of a paper at the Annual Meeting of the Social Science Congress at Edinburgh, in 1875, to the effect that, failing any general agreement, as to the best means of abating it, a qualified prohibition should be enacted by law. He proposed that, after due notice given, houses of an annual rental of one thousand pounds and upwards should be absolutely forbidden to disgorge their smoke upon the community: then after another term, the prohibition was to descend to houses of nine hundred pounds, and so gradually downwards. Two points were emphasized: one, that the prohibition should be absolute; the other, that the choice of means should be left to the individual house-owners. The writer's view was that, given the necessity, human ingenuity would be quickly stimulated to discover the means; and that if the problem were left to an unlimited number of workers, the best method was certain to emerge. Surely such purely mechanical problems are not of those which "it passeth the wit of man" to solve.

But to return to our comparison of the two cities. With all their draw-

backs, and quite apart from their historical renown, they both possess a fascination which grows upon nearer acquaintance, and which is in no slight measure due to their admirable situation. London stands athwart a river equally valuable for pleasure as for business, and in the center of a basin formed by gentle ranges of hills which surround it with picturesque environs and present to its citizens an inexhaustible field for enjoying the charms that nature offers. The day is unfortunately past when in every street could be seen a tree, but the soil and climate are such that wherever space for vegetation has been left the green leaves flourish, even despite the smoke. Peking is built at the foot of a range of mountains which shelter it on the north and west from the cold northern blasts, while the city lies open to the cooling breezes that come from the sea on the south and east. These "Hsi Shan"—western mountains as they are called—form an admirable curtain bounding the distant view, equally attractive whether seen in their summer garb of green or in their winter coat of snow. Upon these stand many old-world Buddhist temples, which form charming retreats from the heated city, and beyond these again the lofty grass-covered undulations of the wide Mongolian plateau. It is to the neighborhood of these high grassy plains that is due the exhilarating nature of the Peking air in the long fine autumn season, when its breath is like champagne to the weary visitor from the humid south. But the city itself is a beautiful spectacle when viewed from a pagoda, or, better, still, when one walks along the broad road that tops its colossal walls. The eye roams over a forest of foliage interspersed with the picturesque roofs of burnished tiles with their curved eaves and newly colored porcelain pinnacles, which peep out like gypsy tents in a wood-

land glade. Looking down upon this tranquil scene, with here and there a broad avenue visible, between which the few people scarcely discernible move at their leisure, unlike the hurrying throngs of London, and gazing on these symmetrical, perfectly balanced house-tops, one appreciates indeed the contrast to the dispiriting chaos of roofs and chimney-pots which form the prospect from an upper storey in London! When one remembers that amid these tranquil groves live the rulers of a mighty empire, one is irresistibly reminded of the gods in Tennyson's "Lotus Eaters, who

Careless of mankind  
 . . . lie beside their nectar, and the  
 bolts are hurled  
 Far below them in the valleys, and the  
 clouds are lightly curled  
 Round their golden houses, girdled  
 with the gleaming world;

and can imagine how the Ministers of the thirteen outside nations who are accredited to the Dragon Throne butt their heads vainly against such impassive tranquillity.

As a well-known Danish *littérateur* (Georg Brandes) has written of another capital—that of a still wider empire: "Everything is laid out on a broad scale, and has the stamp of repose, whereas in London everything is planned for keen and immediate enjoyment." He adds, too, in speaking of Moscow, what is strikingly true of Peking: "There is open ground enough but hardly any place where the people can walk." Did the Mongols who also ruled Russia (A. D. 1220-1480), while they held their court in Peking, impart to its people their wide views and grand scale of construction? If we are asked what is the leading impression that the Chinese capital makes upon us, we should say pre-eminently—repose. Repose is the effect it indisputably produces, notwithstanding its



busy movement and its streets filled with life. Through its sixteen gates (nine in the Tartar and seven in the Chinese city) from dawn to sunset flows a picturesque and struggling stream of camels, carts, barrows, horses and laden porters, sedan chairs, flocks of sheep, droves of swine, and jolting carriages. Yet those entering are soon lost in the immensity of the city, as are those going out in the wide plain beyond. The stream struggles and boils in the congested narrow, but appears scarcely in motion when once it has passed them.

As there is no spot on the world's surface so truly cosmopolitan as London, so there are few spots where specimens of so many different nationalities may be seen as in Peking. Besides the native Chinese, Manchus, and Mongols in their varied and gay costumes, members of embassies from Lhassa, Corea, Turkestan, and Nepal may constantly be seen in the capital, their costumes further enhancing the brightness of the kaleidoscopic Peking streets. The hated European alone, with his shabby, ungraceful dress, as rigid and angular as his perversely situated heart,<sup>2</sup> is out of place, and no hospitality is shown him. Whether the story of how, when he dared to attempt an invasion of the holy city, he was ignominiously driven back to his ships after a few days' stay on the confines of the citadel, still inflames the imagination of the Peking *gamin*, or whether the contemptuous distance at which the high Chinese officials hold our resident representatives, who are now, after thirty years' patient plodding, still vainly knocking at the outside door, and begging the favor of a celestial "glance," we know not; but certain it is that in no other spot on the globe that I have visited have I felt myself such an ob-

ject of contempt as in Peking. Sir Harry Parkes happily characterized this bad aspect of Peking in the words "Dirt! Dust! and Disdain!" Here is at least one point, viz., in its treatment of strangers, in which London bears the palm. And yet, notwithstanding all, we cannot but be fascinated by Peking: being there we are set back a thousand years in history, and can see with our eyes living pictures of the Middle Ages, which here have been handed down intact for our special edification. We can realize what was the aspect of the cities of Europe with their gabled houses and gaily dressed inmates, their dirt and squalor, their towering walls and their peaceful lives, and interrupted, as here, at long intervals by fierce convulsions. Japan, the last stronghold of picturesque aestheticism, is fast slipping from our grasp, and rapidly encasing herself in the Philistinism of modern comfort and ugliness. China yet remains, and though we rail at her conservatism, let us be thankful for it.

The modern visitor to Peking sees China outwardly at rest after a cycle (the Chinese cycle is sixty years) of wars and devastating rebellions, which bring to the minds of those of us who have seen them the state of things that existed in Germany in the sixteenth century when the relentless "Thirty Years' War" was pursuing its evil course. The recovery of the inhabitants who there survived from that cruel period was less rapid than is the recovery now going on in the provinces of China, which have been for a time almost entirely depopulated by the recent Taiping and Mussulman rebellions of 1848-1873. Weakened as the Government of China has been during the same period, by an unfortunate succession of foreign wars, its resources were most severely strained in its slow, but ultimately successful attempts to quell these far more seri-

<sup>2</sup> A Chinaman's heart is in the centre, they say.



ous internal disorders. The fact that they have at last emerged from such a wide sea of troubles is a proof of the toughness and vitality inherent in the Chinese race. Now that the rulers are once more in the enjoyment of nominal peace on all their frontiers, and are no longer under the necessity of devoting every energy to the sole preservation of their existence, we may hope to see renewed attention paid to material reforms again.

The rulers of China who have for so long been

Looking over wasted lands,  
Blight and famine, plague and earthquake,  
roaring deeps and fiery sands,  
Clanging fights and flaming towns,  
and sinking ships, and praying hands.

are at last enjoying a respite. We do not doubt that they will slowly profit by it in emulation of their renowned progenitors, to "set straight the crooked and build up the fallen," to feed her millions and rebuild her altars, infusing into their work, let us hope, Western order and solidity while retaining their Eastern grace and simplicity. They have at last made a beginning with railways—two lines are open and in working order: one from Shanghai to Wusung, a distance of nine miles, to be continued west up the Yangtse valley; one from Peking to Shan-hai-kwan, which brings the metropolis within four hours of the port of Tientsin, as against the old journey via Tungohow of six days in boat and cart. The eighty miles of land road which separate Tientsin from Peking have, in times of emergency and using relays of ponies, been covered by Europeans in a single day. Sir Harry Parkes, with his untiring energy when Minister at Peking, once performed this feat, and the resulting exhaustion is believed to have contributed to the attack of typhoid fever to which, to

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the great grief of his countrymen, he shortly afterwards succumbed.

As one gazed on Peking a few years ago and rejoiced in the freedom from war that after so many troublous years now reigns within her borders, one could but hope that the European Powers, now rudely knocking at her doors, would come to a peaceful agreement amongst themselves virtually to respect the integrity of the venerable Empire. Spheres of influence for industrial enterprises may still be amicably arranged, but it seems as if it would be a crime against humanity to divide up this most interesting survival from antiquity and make it into another Poland, split into armed camps, making enemies of separate portions of that which has been a united Empire for 2,000 years. All lovers of justice and freedom must rather hope that a season may return to her such as is described by one of her famous poets of the brilliant Sung dynasty, the philosopher Sao Yao-pu (A. D. 1011-1077), who, commenting upon the happy restoration of peace that followed upon the long era of disturbance that ended in the establishment of the famous dynasty of Han, sang as follows (we have endeavored, while giving a literal translation, to reproduce the rhythm of the original):

Midst five wild dynasties the war in  
dire confusion reigned;  
When lo! One morn the clouds dissolve;  
the heavens are regained.  
A century of drought gives place to  
ripening rains and dews.  
The officers through countless lands  
no more their Lord refuse,  
The streets and lanes by day and night  
with flags and lamps abound,  
Throughout the halls and towers high  
the flute and zither sounds;  
The whole world wrapped in peace;  
the days pass free from sighs or  
care.  
Sweet slumber once more soothes the  
eyes and songbirds fill the air.

Archibald Little.

## THE OLD HOUSE: A ROMANCE.

TRANSLATED FOR THE LIVING AGE FROM THE ITALIAN OF "NEERA."

## VI.

It was the fourth time that Anna had read this letter, and it seemed sweeter to her at each re-perusal. The lively gratitude of the boy whom she had patronized, and whose talent she had divined, opened a whole horizon of new sensations. She recalled the day when he had departed, amid the oburgations of Signor Pompeo and the sarcasms of Elvira. She went over the long period of absence, enlivened by his devoted letters, and her longing to see him once more became intense.

She re-folded the letter, and quite unconsciously passed the smooth paper over her cheek, as she murmured to herself, "Perhaps he will come to-morrow."

But when, some days later, he entered the room unannounced, prepared though she was, Anna uttered a joyful cry and ran to meet him with extended hands and cheeks aflame with pleasure.

Their greeting was so spontaneous and so warm that several seconds passed before Flavio perceived that Elvira was also present, and stopped short, embarrassed by an indefinable expression in the eyes of the younger girl. He remembered the cool scrutiny of those eyes of old, and instinctively thrusting both hands into his sleeves he stammered out:—

"I was so wild to see you both that when I found Signor Pompeo was out I came straight here without even brushing off the dust of my journey. Did I do wrong?"

"No, indeed," answered Anna, but Flavio thought that the eyes of Elvira said "yes."

His confusion was, however, only

temporary. He began immediately to describe the most salient impressions of the year which he had passed amid the artistic treasures of Italy, in the course of which he had become quite sure of his own vocation. A certain simple self-confidence, boyish and yet serious, was manifest in all he said and even in the tones of his voice, and the bright glance of his eye. There were traces of his old shyness, especially in his rapidly changing color; but upon the whole he had gained so enormously, both in physical development and self-possession of manner, that Anna sat amazed. His delicate and mobile features seemed to have preserved some trace of every new experience he had encountered; and how many were the revelations and discoveries which had gone to the transformation of the boy into the man!

Anna observed him closely, taking note of every new inflection of the voice, every unfamiliar gesture, and as she did so a strange disquietude came upon her, a formless presentiment, a vague, unreasoning jealousy of facts unknown and perhaps non-existent as yet, but possible and—intolerable.

"How changed you are!" she said.

"Oh, not so very much!" answered Flavio with an airy gesture.

Anna followed the motion of that slender nervous hand, which she had seen stained with ink and roughened with cold, cramped over school-tasks and Latin themes, ever sensitive and full of expression. They had not changed; and as Anna had a special affection for certain of Flavio's mental qualities so too she loved his way of opening and closing his fingers, and the manner in which they vibrated to every

slightest change of feeling, and seizing his hand impulsively she pressed it in the old way.

"Let us see," she said, "whether the lines are lucky!" and pulling down the thumb she looked earnestly at the fold between the fingers; then shaking her head, let fall the hand, which happened to be Flavio's left.

"Give me the other; ah, that is better! A perfect curve, don't you see, without the least bit of a break! In one direction, at least, you will get all your heart's desire!"

"Anna believes in all that nonsense," remarked Elvira.

"I do not exactly believe it." . . .

"Then why do you make experiments?"

"Oh, because—"

"Because," interrupted Flavio gaily, "life is not all cut and dried. We should lose a lot of delightful sensations if we were always strictly rational!"

"Do you think it would be a misfortune to miss a few sensations?" asked Elvira, with a touch of irony.

"Why, of course I do! Where else do we get our inspirations in art?"

"I am answered," said Elvira. "Did not some great philosopher say once upon a time, 'It is not wise to pretend that life is all wisdom'? But I should like to know what my own thumbs have to tell. I don't think my hands are so bad. There's no line at all between the fingers in either. Long live necromancy!"

Anna felt the resonance of that discordant note within which was always so painful to her; but Flavio's eyes were already roving rapturously around the room.

"Just as it used to be!" he cried. "The vaulted ceiling, and the broad blue band! The red carpet and the tiger-skin rugs and everything in its old place! And the garlands round the dear doorways, and the ribbons and the gilded scrolls!"

"Have you never seen such things in other houses?" Anna inquired.

"Occasionally; especially in one old Venetian palace where I went a great many times!"

"For the sake of the painted doorways?"

"For the sake of the doorways, Signorina Elvira, and also because of certain frescoes of Tintoretto. But it was the doorways I cared for most. I am not ashamed to say that I am incurably sentimental."

"I should hope so, indeed," Anna thought rather than said, while Flavio went on: "I passed through these flowery doorways to the sweetest hours I ever knew! How can I help loving them?"

"This is very flattering to us," observed Elvira; "but for my part, I don't find the great tables which fill up half the wall space here convenient in the least. If Anna would only condescend to have some of those tables taken away!"

"No, no, Elvira! You may ask anything of me except to change this house. You," she said with a little hesitation, "will go to a more modern one some day, but I shall always stay here—"

"And guard the sacred fire! But if you ever should decide to take a husband, perhaps you could have the paintings removed!"

Anna pretended not to hear. "The loveliest of all," she said, turning to Flavio, "are in papa's room. Do you remember?"

"Do I not? In the center above each door there is a wreath of small yellow roses, alternating with periwinkle and honeysuckle, and some of the honeysuckle sprays go far up the ceiling—"

"And one of the periwinkle flowers near the window which opens on the terrace is like a divided heart—"

"And a butterfly is soaring away above it—"

"A little white butterfly," completed Anna.

They had all risen and moved unconsciously toward the entrance of their father's room. As Anna pushed the door open—"Ugh, how cold!" cried Elvira. "But this sister of mine absolutely refuses to have a *calorifère* in the apartment."

"We do not really suffer from the cold! The walls are so thick, and the windows fit so well, and we have warm rugs, and it is so very cheery to see real wood burning upon the hearth."

"But it is also so old-fashioned! I suppose we are the only people in Milan who still warm their house in this prehistoric manner!"

"Blessed are the solitary!"

Elvira had a vague idea that this remark of her sister's might be refuted out of the Bible, but the current of air which issued from the shut-up room was so chilly that she was fain to drop the discussion and briskly to close the door behind Anna and Flavio.

Anna was on the point of asking her friend whether it were not too cold for him in her father's room, but perceived that she had no occasion for anxiety. The days were long gone by, as she felt a little sadly, when he was a poor, miserable shivering mite whom she could enfold in a motherly embrace.

He was making the round of the room with that serious and reverent air which Anna counted among his greatest attractions, which made him seem a little remote at times, but which imparted a peculiar significance to his looks, his words and often to his very silence. Flavio paused at length before the heart-shaped periwinkle and laid his finger upon it.

"There it is!" he cried, and all the past seemed to revive. "It was just here, one day when I was poring over the painted garlands, that your father spoke to me for the first time about human rights. Up to that time I had tak-

en it for granted that every boy belongs to some old man, and must be made as exactly like him as though he were a sheet of paper turned out by the same machine. He was the first person who ever said to me, 'Be yourself!' I did not take in all that the words meant, at the time, but afterwards, when I thought about them, I did."

They were standing before Gentile Lambert's portrait now, both gazing at it in silence. To worship the same ideal—is not this the rarest and the deepest form of love? Could any caress have united them more closely in that moment of silent emotion, than the tenderness of their common respect for what was, to both of them, the visible image of all human perfection. A gentle warmth pervaded the being of the pair as they stood side by side looking at the beloved face, and Anna realized for one instant that her family, her world, her life were all personified in this Flavio with his delicate nature, his loving heart, his bright intelligence. He was too happy. Anna's noble womanliness gave him a feeling of support, and exercised over him a subtle fascination.

"Your mother,—your grandmother—" said Flavio, passing on to the portraits which hung on either side of Gentile's.

"Yes," answered Anna, her own eyes falling before the drooping lids of her mother.

"It is strange that neither you nor your sister are in the least like her!"

Anna sighed deeply. Oh, if she could only speak! What would it not be to her to tell all to Flavio, to cast upon him her burden of sorrow, to lose herself in his being? When she had said a little while before, "Blessed are the solitary," she had not been thinking of any such wistful and painful solitude as that in which she now lived, but of something vast and divine, harmonious and complete. She laid her hand on Flavio's arm and drew him over to the

book-shelves which filled nearly all the opposite wall, but there their stay was brief. They would have liked to examine every frontispiece, touch every page, and smile at least over every beloved title, but it would have taken too long. They gave one cursory look at the backs of the ranged volumes, so full of associations, then turned away, and paused for a moment more before the heart-shaped periwinkle.

"It is curious," murmured Anna, in a very low voice.

"What?"

"We never spoke of it, certainly, but it seems we had both discovered the same sad symbol in this little flower."

"But it is so plain."

"I don't know. I think Signor Pompeo would say it is like a *Upsilon*, and would see only the upright line of the Greek letter in what looks to me like a sword in the heart. And Elvira would say it is nothing but a daub."

Flavio laughed, but Anna could not shake off her melancholy. She pressed her friend's arm a little more closely:

"I dreamed of this flower once. I dreamed that it was weeping and I was so distressed! It seemed to be sobbing like a living person, not shedding tears, but uttering long moans—"

She checked herself, and glanced at Flavio, afraid that he might be laughing still, and half offended at the thought. But he looked grave and rather pale. "Do you believe," she went on, "that inanimate things have no feeling whatever? Don't you think the flowers suffer when their petals are torn?"

"At all events," replied Flavio, avoiding a direct answer, "we lend them our sensations, and that is quite enough to render them worthy of our compassion. What sort of a soul would that be which could be shut up in the narrow box of a human brain? The soul is immortal, because it is infinite."

Anna sank thoughtfully upon the

small divan between the two windows. Her head was thrown back, her hands fell idly into her lap.

How many things Flavio seemed now to know. What a leap his intelligence had taken! She could not help regretting the old days when nothing ever came between them, and she could take the poor boy into her arms. He, for his part, had no suspicion of what she felt, but he saw that she was out of spirits, and sitting down beside her quite simply and affectionately he waited for her to speak, with so humble and deferential a look in his eyes, that she felt cut to the heart.

"Oh, Flavio, it seems to me as though we had been parted ten years instead of one!"

"How can you say that? It does not seem to me that we have been parted at all!"

The sweet words, breathed so near her, broke upon Anna's ear as softly as a wave on the shore of a lake.

"Have I not always said in my letters," he went on, "that you are my conscience? What would ever have become of me without your help and sympathy, alone in the world, cast away in strange cities, among indifferent people?"

"You had your dreams of art—"

"No, no. I had *you*! My dreams tormented me, but your image, words of yours that I remembered, always calmed my mind. Do you remember one spring evening on the terrace, under the wisteria? I was a mere boy, but you told me it was my duty to follow, at all costs, my true vocation. I think I always loved you—forgive me if I ought not to say it!—but ever after that night I worshipped you. Do not be offended, signorina! If you knew what you are to me!"—

He paused, as though seeking vainly for a word, then added in a scarcely audible voice—"A saint!"

Anna flushed and shook her head.

"No, no, you are altogether wrong! I am full of evil thoughts. At this very moment, instead of being gratified by your good words,—"

"They are not mere words! They are true feelings—"

"For your kind feelings then—they give me a sharp pain. I cannot explain myself, I do not understand myself, but I beg you to believe that I am not what you think! I endeavor to examine myself. Perhaps it is my pride that suffers at being surpassed! Perhaps I am jealous of your future fame."

"My future fame!" said Flavio, shaking his head. "If ever it comes, it will kneel at your feet! Listen please, for I have never spoken the whole truth before. I swear that all I am, and all I ever can be, is your work, the fruit of your goodness! Whatever place may be reserved for me, the place I love will always be here—just as I am now. Look at me, signorina. How am I changed? Is it my face? Not really! Is it my heart? No, no, no! Can you not see that I am still your *poverino*?"

It was Anna's turn to smile softly, though she trembled from head to foot.

"Call me your poor little boy! Give me an alms!"

Anna laid her hand upon his lips to silence him, and he kissed it.

For an instant neither spoke. They could hear Elvira's quick motions in the next room, as she handled various little objects upon the center-table—her thimble, her scissors; outside upon the terrace, the chirp of a sparrow, a sudden flutter of wings, the bells of the convent ringing far away, and that was all.

"It is *not* wounded pride. It is not jealousy of his future fame." Anna kept repeating to herself. "What is it then?" She could see Flavio's profile, perfect as that of a miniature in cameo, relieved against the dark velvet close beside her, and lighted by a slanting sun-

ray. She had not noticed the moment at which the sunshine entered the room.

"If I were to say," the youth went on, "that I have thought of you whenever I have stood before a masterpiece it would be true, but it would be only half the truth—the superficial half! My sense of your nearness has been something so secret and so sweet! At Siena, for example. Do you know Siena?"

"Is it beautiful?"

"Very; but that is not what I mean. There are cities—as there are women—whom it seems almost insulting to call beautiful. There is another adjective, if I could only think of it—more complex, more mysterious, of far deeper meaning—"

"Yes, yes; I quite understand!"

"I remember one somber day—very rainy—when the city was all draped in black for some civic funeral. On the piazza, in the cafés, everywhere, the talk was all of death. The sibyls in the Duomo—those slim, majestic sibyls who are so like you—"

"Like me?"

"Did no one ever tell you so before? They are very like you; only that day even they seemed stricken with sorrow. I suppose the sadness was all in me; yet how can we so separate ourselves from our surroundings, as to be able to say with assurance that it is we who lend color to them. When I strayed into a miserable sort of shop where a painter on porcelain was copying some of Sodoma's cherubs, and I felt terribly homesick for those great days of art when Alighieri used to sit and jest with the man who inlaid guitar-cases—"

"You mean Belacqua—"

"Yes. I envied him. The Siennese craftsman so vulgarized the work of Sodoma, and my spirits got lower and lower, as I sat there on a three-legged stool, and, to avoid looking at the travesties the man was making, gazed at the hard earthen floor with little rivu-



lets of rain-water straying here and there. All at once I thought of you, and felt comforted. It is so good to remember in hours of depression and discouragement, on the black days, in the meanest and gloomiest places, that there is one living voice—no dream, no fancy—which has invariably bidden us have faith and be of good cheer!"

Flavio paused, amazed at himself; that he should have found so many words to express what he had thought inexpressible. He became conscious that there are moments in life when the soul overflows all barriers as irresistibly as a river in flood. An hour earlier, an hour later perhaps, he could not so have spoken.

Anna heard him in a kind of ecstasy. "Have I really done so much good?" she asked in an unsteady intonation.

But the pregnant moment was passed, and even outward things had assumed a different aspect. Flavio relapsed into silence, and his whole expression changed. The echo of his ardent words died away on lessening waves of air, and he was already following another train of thought.

"Tell me more," besought Anna.

"Was it with you, I wonder," Flavio went on, "as it always was with me, when I used to stray into the churches and revel in the sweetness of the old pictures, and the colored light that came through the painted windows, especially on certain exquisite autumn days, or soft spring mornings, when the Madonnas would light up, unexpectedly, in the depths of their chapels, and seem to smile upon me in all their simple, maidenly grace. Many and many a time I got scolded for being so long away, and dared not confess that I had been in the churches, because they would not have believed me. But if you had asked me I should have told the truth at once, and I should have told it to *him*."

The eyes of both sought the portrait of Gentile Lamberti, and Flavio went on:—

"My vocation was born in this old house, but it was matured in the churches. My artist's vocation, I mean. There is one small church, not far from here, where I have had the most intense enjoyment."

"San Maurizio in the Great Monastery?"

"Exactly! Have you ever noticed the square of violet-colored glass behind the altar? Ah, I thought so! Just over the opening into the sacristy through which the nuns used to make their confessions. It is strange, but I can see every shade of color that glass takes on, at every hour of the day, and every season of the year! Sometimes it is blood-red, sometimes it glows darkly, and sometimes it simply shines with a mystical, a heavenly light! It has been for years like a kind of aureole, irradiating all my visions of art and of love."

At the last word Anna blushed so deeply and inconsequently, that she involuntarily put up her hand to hide the color.

"Have I offended you?"

"Oh, no! How could you imagine it? I, too, have always had a great fondness for that particular church. It had a mysterious kind of fascination for me. But you have probably a thousand artistic reasons for your liking which I know nothing about."

"I do not think so. I was a mere boy when I began to haunt it. Certainly it has the vague charm of which you speak; that sort of invisible essence of beauty which does emanate from works of art, but which is felt rather than understood. This is why everybody can admire them. A masterpiece does not need to be explained. It strikes the mass of men like a ray of sunshine. Whoever has eyes can see it."

For a few moments neither spoke. The sympathy between them was so deep that they seemed to communicate without words. But Flavio's next remark startled Anna.

"Those lovely creatures of Luini's were my first ideal of womanly beauty."

It had been the thought in her own mind, but she made no answer. She suddenly remembered one particular figure in the last chapel on the right, a graceful shape of the richest and most voluptuous beauty, and once more she blushed deeply—conscious of a strange agitation.

"But I could never tell," he went on, "which of them I liked best. They were all sweet to me. They all gave me the same sort of lovely, dreamy delight."

Anna dwelt silently upon his words. She felt that she belonged to him; that he held her dear, and knew her to be devoted to his thoughts and his ideals. He, too, at that moment perceived something of his power over her, and it ministered to his manly pride. But he was, after all, more of a boy than a man, and too simple and shy to feel the full significance of what had passed.

"My recollections go back so far," Flavio went on, dreamily; "I think you must be the little fairy I used to fancy I saw playing in the folds of the heavy crimson curtains in the saloon of my uncle, the bishop! Did you know I had an uncle who was a bishop, and that I was destined at first for an ecclesiastical career? Before I was crowned professor, I was anointed priest!"

And Flavio smiled—the kindly, pensive smile of one who has forgiven and forgotten.

"Was this why you always loved the churches?" asked Anna, echoing his pensive tone.

"And the angels." He pronounced the word half unconsciously, dwelling

affectionately on the musical syllables. "Fairies or angels," he added, "whatever they were, I was always fancying that I saw women's faces in the folds of the old damask. I was a wee bit of a thing and one of my greatest pleasures was to curl up on the floor behind the curtains. The undulations of the silk made me think of women's gowns and of rustling wings. How they do come back—some of the sensations we had in infancy!"

He did not say what had now revived these sensations, but he rose and moved about a little, then returned to Anna's side, and indulged once more in the luxury of reminiscence:

"I remember a tall cousin of mine, who was married. I don't know her age, but she was young, or she seemed so to me. She was a very sweet creature whom I saw at rare intervals, in the bishop's house, but never anywhere else. She had black, black hair brushed smoothly down on either side of the whitest forehead! She was very fond of me and used to take my part. When they scolded me very sharply (I have been scolded all my life long!) she used to take me up and set me on her knee." He paused and fixed his eyes on Anna's dress, then looked vaguely round as though in search of a word.

"How do you call that soft stuff you wear, which is neither silk nor cotton, nor wool? My cousin used to wear a gown of the same, that fell in fleecy folds. Is it raw silk?"

"I don't think gowns are made of raw silk. It would be rather rough," said Anna, doubtfully.

"Of course it could not have been raw silk, but no matter! It was both soft and cool, and knowing that my cousin would hold me until I stopped crying, I cried as long as possible for the mere sake of feeling her dress against my cheek."

Anna tried to smile, though conscious

of an obscure sensation of pain. "We have been here a long time," she said, rising.

Nuova Antologia.

"Have we?" inquired Flavio in innocent surprise; and this time Anna was able to smile frankly.

(To be continued.)

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### THE CHILDREN OF THE "GIANT."

"Pst, pst! Quick! Now is our chance. There's a mad dog in Rueil. Let's run and meet it."

The speaker was a little fellow of about six, with bright black eyes and keen anxious-looking face. He addressed his hurried words to another child of the same age and size and look. Clearly his twin brother.

Pascal and Pierre Dumont were twins. That was all that was known about them, the rest was guesswork. The name of Dumont was given them because they were found on the slopes of Mont Valérien, which is a mountain, if there is one at all in the neighborhood of Paris. Pascal and Pierre they were called because they were shivering with the cold and were calling in a stammering sort of way for *p-p-pain* when found by the night-watchman on his beat.

Poor little fellows! Come from they knew not where, and going they knew not whither, they were stopped on the weary road of life by Authority in uniform, and requested to give an account of themselves. "B-b-bread," they replied, sobbing with cold and hunger. It was answer enough. Deserted, and on a winter's night too, on Mont Valérien. Such was the entry of Pascal and Pierre into history. Deserted children are common enough in Paris. There is a machinery devised to absorb them into the life of the great thoughtless city. Public assistance, duly constituted, fed and clothed the

twins, and, in order to do so more economically, placed them with a gardener in the neighborhood of Rueil.

Jean, the gardener, was kind after his lights. He did not steal their governmentally provided clothes, or stint them in their just share of the watery soup and the family bread. Love, however, is not provided by the generosity of a government. It is indeed a commodity seldom kept in stock anywhere, and never procurable on demand. Pascal and Pierre got none from the gardener, and they hungered for it in the same insistent way they had hungered for bread on that cold night on Mont Valérien. The world is very cold without love, a grim fact the twins had dumbly found out.

Now, the one universal unquestioned belief in which all Frenchmen are brought up, and in which they are all agreed, is that everything can be got in Paris. Jean the gardener early inculcated this belief in his two fosterlings. The belief moreover is in the air, all Frenchmen naturally imbibe it into their daily lives and thoughts. The twins had heard much of Paris and its marvels, that vast and wondrous city where everything was to be had—ay, everything one could think of, and more besides. It was a common saying among the children round about, "I wish a mad dog would bite me, for then I should be sent to Paris like *le petit chose*" (names followed according to experience or vague rumor)

"and live for six weeks in a palace, and come home having seen Paris." Now the twins longed to go to the wonderful city, in order to find there that which they most wanted on earth, namely, a father and a father's love. In Paris, where all things abounded surely this also should they find. Thus reasoned the twins, falsely no doubt, but not more falsely than many who have gone to Paris hoping to find what they most wanted on earth, and have found there cold desolation and disappointment.

A mad dog appeared in Rueil, so the twins heard through the boy that held the horse the washerwoman drove to and from the big fort on the Mount. Quick as thought Pascal and Pierre scampered in their clattering little wooden shoes down the road away from the gardener's gate, which they had been taught to know, by suffering, was the appointed limit of their tether. Quickly they pattered on, holding each other's hands by way of mutual encouragement. They met a dog. He was only out for an afternoon stroll from the nearest house, but the twins saw in him the mad dog of their hopes.

"Let's hide and let him pass on," said Pierre under the sudden impulse of terror.

"We shan't go to Paris unless we are bitten," said Pascal, who was very tenacious of an idea, once it got started in his brain.

"Why not go anyway?" cried Pierre with excitement.

They both tried to hide, but the dog, accustomed to children, came up to them inquisitively. They shrank together, and closed their eyes for the bite; the dog sniffed and passed on. The twins opened their eyes, having undergone all the mental agony incidental to a real bite. They knew the road to Paris, it is a knowledge within the reach of most French people, so they pattered actively along on their

alert little legs, hoping to see the wonderful city at the end of every turning in the road. But it is a long way to Paris for little boys in wooden shoes, even if they come the shortest way from Rueil over the hills to Suresnes. The bright October day was drawing to a close when the weary lads crept into the latter village. Skirting along the town, and keeping out of sight with the instinct of wild animals, they came at last to the river.

"This must be Paris," cried Pascal, "for, see, the lamps are on the ground here too."

Pierre looked earnestly at the lights, and then said: "It is the river. When there is a river it returns all the light the lamps give it. The river is very honest. God made the river. Dost remember, Monsieur le Curé told us about the great river coming from Paris to take ships away—away—wherever they like?"

Pierre's geography was more limited than his imagination.

"Then let's go by the river to Paris," said Pascal practically.

Down by the river at Suresnes, where the lights twinkled so honestly back from the smooth still surface of the water, there were several barges lying at anchor. These immense long boats with their brightly painted poop-houses and flowers in pots on the roofs, looked the picture of comfort to the tired and hungry little boys. One in particular fascinated them. It was of a warm reddish brown like newly-fallen leaves in the sunshine. The house was the centre of the vast body, its wall painted white, and its shutters bright green. There was a homely look of comfort about it which made the twins long for some familiar sight that their eyes might rest upon. At that moment the door opened, a stream of warm light came forth, and with it the softer sound of a woman's voice—a mother crooning "Malbrook" to her

baby, as mothers have crooned it in France for centuries and centuries.

Perhaps it was from some vague, indistinct recollection which the melody woke up in the hearts of the twins, perhaps it was from mere hunger and wretchedness born of their present loneliness, anyway they sat down near the edge of the river and listened to "Malbrook." Then they began to cry feebly in each other's arms, and thus they fell asleep. The barges, too, go to sleep every night along the riverside, very thickly packed at Suresnes, and the various families which live on them are near neighbors if not always the best of friends. Now, next to the Giant, which was the name of the barge where the mother was singing "Malbrook," lay another craft of far less inviting appearance—a mere dirty rubbish-boat, which had fallen low in the world owing to the drunken habits of the owner. A fierce dispute had arisen that very day between him of the Giant and the master of the scow in reference to a certain fouling of the chain-boat at Bougival. Each gave the other abuse; and there was nothing heard but "head of veal!" "figure of a pig!" and "sacred name of a pipe!" for a long while between the decks of the two barges. Night fell, and with it a seeming calm; but the heart of the owner of the rubbish-boat was sore within him, since he knew he was guilty and it meant damages.

He went to the "Eariy Riser," therefore, and partook of an absinthe. On returning bargewards he came across the bundle of the twins curled up together beside the great pillar where the barges fasten up. Revenge and absinthe inspired him with an idea. Put the children asleep on board the Giant, and let fate and the police take their own course. When full of absinthe he invariably thought of the police. Very carefully and softly, therefore, the twins were carried sound asleep to the

Giant and were deposited on the dried ferns in the bow of the barge under the green awning of Normandy linen. The Giant was loaded down to the water's edge with apples, and it was in the strong sweet odor of the harvest of a score of orchards from down near Jumièges that Pascal and Pierre slept.

Very early, by the first light of day, the Wasp, a vigorous, snorting tug, came, and shooting out a string of five fathoms of steel rope, fastened on to the Giant and all the rest of the barges, and began to struggle with them up to Paris. The water lapped around the blunt nose of the barge, in soft ripples at first and then in quite a storm of wavelets as the Wasp gathered way and went snorting up the misty river in the soft gloom of an autumn morning. The master of the Giant stood by his vast tiller and kept his course straight on, past St. Cloud, the wooded slopes of which sparkled in red and yellows, like a jewel of topaz and rubies rising from the silver setting of the foggy river.

The twins awoke and shrank together in surprise and alarm. The gurgle of the water sounded like the voice of some strange beast. They shivered as it got louder, and then breathed again as it sighed into softer tones. They saw the light from under the green awning and heard the sound of human voices. Oh, blessed human voices, bringing comfort and hope to their terrified little hearts! They crept out and peered forth. A strange world was whirling past them, moving fantastic shapes appeared before their bewildered gaze, the black vault of a bridge yawning overhead, and the glittering waters all around. The world was topsy-turvy and the twins found nothing to hold on by. Ah, yes! There was one thing they knew, the voice of a woman singing "Malbrook." There she was high up in the air, clear cut against the sky, walking about with a

yellow-haired angel on her arm. Who knows what wild vague idea floated through the minds of the little lads peering from under the awning? A mother and a child—the sight softened the hearts of sinful men; it filled the hearts of the twins with joy and confidence. They stepped forth, holding each other's hands.

"If you please, madame, is this Paris?" said Pascal, as they both took off their little caps.

"Saint Wandrille protect me, but what is this?" exclaimed the mother, clambering down from the deck into the forehold. "Who are you, and how do you come here? Where's your father and mother?"

Alas, the poor twins! they knew none of the answers to these questions. They were going to Paris, they said, in order to find a father; and the mother looked at her own baby and kissed it noisily. The baby smiled a dazzling smile at Pascal and held out a tiny hand of welcome. She had no more doubt of them than they had of Paris. She was only two years and a half old, and was still busy teaching the lesson which all babies are sent from heaven to teach. She cooed and gurgled at them and showed them her baby graces, and they forgot everything in the delight of seeing so sweet a creature.

Pascal and Pierre were taken along the bewildering deck past the dancing water to the stern of the boat.

"See," said the mother to the man at the tiller, "what queer apples we have in the forehold. Didst know of them?"

"Sacred name of a pipe!" exclaimed the man, dropping his own out of his mouth in the extremity of his amazement.

Pascal swiftly plucked up the pipe and handed it back to the owner with a polite bow.

"He is well brought up," said the mother, smiling encouragingly at him.

"Who are you?"

"We are Pascal and Pierre. We go to find a father. We have never had one. We live with Jean the gardener," said Pierre with extreme courtesy of manner.

"Amazing, isn't it?" said the mother.

"Sacred name of a pipe!" was all the father could say. In his surprise he forgot to put over the tiller at the bridge of Sèvres, and he would have bumped against the pier, only the tug whistled fiercely at him, and the owner of the rubbish-boat screamed abuse, so he recovered himself just in time.

"What's to be done with them?" he asked after he had got his breath again.

"Feed them and notify the police," said the mother practically.

She took them into the tiny cabin sparkling in its neatness, and told them to wait till she made a little soup. Fair in the middle stood an odd wicker cage with sides sloping inwards like an extinguisher, and into this cage she popped the baby. But the baby had other views for her immediate welfare in life, and beat her pink hands against the rods of the cage, and opening a rosebud mouth gave a most magnificent yell.

"We will play with her," said Pascal, sitting down on the floor and beginning to clap his wooden shoes together in attractive noisiness.

"Well, now, that's an idea," said the mother, plucking the baby out of the cage, and placing her between Pascal and Pierre, who began to chatter with her in inarticulate but perfectly satisfactory baby language. Baby smiled a benign smile, and was at peace with all the world, since the world was now arranged in accordance with her wishes. She took their hands in her own, and cooed at them, and indicated a desire for more noise from their clattering wooden shoes. Pascal and Pierre beat a furious tattoo, and baby



screamed with joy. The mother smiled and nodded her head encouragingly at the little group.

The Giant at length came to rest at the Quay of Bercy, among the other barges from the Marne and the Rhône and even from as far off as Macon, Dijon, and Lyons. The police were notified of the existence of Pascal and Pierre, and of their unaccountable advent into the small world of the friendly Giant, who had so hospitably sheltered them in his capacious arms. Paris is careful of its children, and duly inscribed Pascal and Pierre upon its registers, with a view to piecing together their broken history if possible. In the meantime Paris made a small allowance to the genial Giant for the feeding of his fosterlings while conducting these investigations.

Investigations of this sort are slow anywhere, but in Paris they proceed at a geological pace, so that the Giant was relieved of his load and was ready to proceed down the river again long before anything was discovered. Paris therefore was pleased to permit that the twins should remain with the Giant pending the discovery of something about them.

"We are going down the river away from Paris," said the mother to them, "we are going to Normandy. Ah! but that is a beautiful land. There you see trees loaded with golden apples, and cows in the meadows, and white ducks and geese swimming across the river."

Pascal and Pierre talked this matter over in their little bed in the middle hold; there was room now and to spare in the vast empty barge.

"I don't mind going away from Paris," said Pierre.

"Oh, Paris is all very well for those poor children who can't, live in a barge," said Pascal loftily.

"We haven't looked for the father yet. Shall we wait for the next voyage up?"

"We don't so much need a father now we've got Bébé to love."

"Yes, I think she is nice, maybe," assented Pierre.

"We can love her, oh! ever so much," said Pascal generously.

The voyage down the river was an immense delight. Accustomed now to life on a barge, the little boys were permitted to run about over the deck pretty much as they pleased. What they liked best to do was to sit in the great coil of rope behind the towing mast, and pretend that the big strands were the walls of a house. There they sat like two birds in a nest watching the wonderful sights of the city as they moved down the sparkling river. They could see the swift little steamers packed with people darting about from pier to pier, and the black engines pumping up the water from the new docks. There were so many things to look at the lads knew not where to begin, and so, like the wise little men they were, they began at what came first. The smoke of the tug interested them as much as anything, and they began to understand that when a fresh black burst of smoke came it meant that the Giant would go faster through the water, and would spout up the foam faster and still faster from his broad bluff brow.

At Suresnes there is a lock where the barges huddle up close together in the black gulf. Officialdom in blue uniform, top boots, and cocked hat, while inspecting the barges for general reasons, was inspired by a flash of recollection.

"Humph!" said VI. No. 23, to himself, "those lads are like the description of the lost children."

He pulled out a paper from his pocket and read.

"Exactly," said VI. No. 23, and forthwith he boarded the Giant and held

conference with the owner at the tiller.

"My children," said the policeman, "come with me." And Pascal and Pierre began to cry, for they had feared policemen instinctively all their lives.

"Poor lads!" said the mother pityingly. "I am sorry you can't come with us to Normandy. But see, here are two apples for you, and when we come up again I will seek out Jean the gardener and bring Bébé to visit you."

Somewhat comforted by this prospect, Pascal and Pierre struggled bravely with their tears, and followed VI. No. 23 away to Rueil. Jean the gardener was glad to get them back for many reasons, and when he heard how they had run away to Paris to look for a father there, he was mollified towards the small culprits.

"You wanted a father to love you, did you?"

"Yes, if you please," said the twins.

Good Words.

"Well, look at me. I am old, but I have never found my father yet. Long ago I used to hope I would. Ah, but you can't find everything in this world—no, not even if you go to look for it in Paris."

"No, sir," said the twins, looking sadly down at their wooden shoes.

A wave of recollection of his own disappointment when he made this discovery swept over Jean. He looked with a softened eye at the sad faces of the little lads whom he had hitherto considered in the light of an income only.

"My little men," he said kindly, "you will never find your father, not if you spend all your lives searching the streets of Paris. But if you will love me, I will love you and be a father to you, and so we shall not find the world too bad after all. Eh?"

The twins clambered into his arms, and he kissed them.

*Mrs. Orpen.*

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## IN THE CLOISTERS.

Winchester College.

I walked to-day where Past and Present meet,  
 In that gray cloister eloquent of years,  
 Which ever groweth old, yet ever hears  
 The same glad echo of unaging feet.  
 Only from brass and stone some quaint conceit,  
 The monument of long-forgotten tears,  
 Whispers of vanished lives, of spent careers,  
 And hearts that, beating once, have ceased to beat.  
 And as I walked, I heard the boys who played  
 Beyond the quiet precinct, and I said—  
 "How broad the gulf which delving Time had made  
 Between those happy living and these dead."  
 And, lo, I spied a grave new-garlanded,  
 And on the wall a boyish face that prayed.

*Edicard Cracroft Lefroy.*

THE PRESENT POPULARITY OF OMAR KHAYYAM.

Amid much else that is interesting, Mr. Edward Heron-Allen's beautiful book published in 1898<sup>1</sup> contains a complete Omar Khayyam bibliography. It is a really singular piece of literary history. Before FitzGerald arose this Persian poet was only known, in Europe, to a few Orientalists—industrious Von Hammer Purgstalls, and the like. Garcin de Tassy rendered some of him into French prose in 1857. Edward FitzGerald's first publication was in 1859. He had then put together seventy-five quatrains and offered them in vain to a magazine. Subsequently he printed copies, kept some, and gave the rest to Quaritch's to sell. After a reprint in 1868, the third edition, with great improvements and containing the present 101 stanzas, appeared in 1872. This edition, as I remember, could still be bought five or six years later in Cambridge bookshops. Probably every book-reading undergraduate can now declaim a quatrain or two; but twenty years ago the poem was known only to an initiated few in the Courts of Trinity, and that merely because one of the group was the son of an old Cambridge friend of FitzGerald. The next edition came out in 1879—the "final edition," as FitzGerald unprophetically termed it. The grand vogue did not begin till after his death in 1883; not really, indeed, till after the publication of his "Letters and Literary Remains," in 1889, just thirty years later than the first publication. But the tide has steadily risen. Messrs. Macmillan have issued reprints of Omar in 1890, 1891, 1893, and since then annually (twice in 1897) to the present date. In the United States the first edition was published in 1878,

and by 1894 there had been twenty-three reprints of this, besides various popular editions, and *éditions de luxe*, and one monumental work of collation and annotation. At present there are, says Mr. Heron-Allen, "American reprints appearing almost daily." Countless articles about the poem have appeared in English and American magazines. It has been rendered into Latin by an Oxford scholar, and set to music by a London lady of talent. Its sound has gone out into all the lands, and its fame into the ends of the world. The poem has had more than a literary success: it is the foundation of a cult. Mild men of letters, it is said, leave their blameless homes; decked with red roses they meet at a dinner, drink red wine, perform sundry mystic rites, offer parodies—alas! too easily made—of the sacred book, and return westwards with a feeling of lofty emancipation from the bonds which bind the dull and respectable. If FitzGerald could attend one of these banquets held in his honor his ghost would say perhaps, as he did in the flesh, "I was at a party of modern wits last night that made me creep into myself, and wish myself away talking to any Suffolk old woman in her cottage, while the trees murmured without." One can but rejoice for his sake that he died before he became famous. With what weariness and alarm would not the shy recluse of Woodbridge have received shoals of letters from earnest devotees—laudations, supplications for autographs—and seen his quiet abode besieged by pilgrims from the uttermost States of America. But FitzGerald was like unto a man who should amuse himself with a box of matches by the side of a great hearth, should set a little heather

<sup>1</sup> *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. Translated by Edward Heron-Allen. Nichols. London. 1898.*

on fire to see how it would look, and then depart, unconscious that the whole would break into flame.

FitzGerald was curiously led towards his main achievement. In 1853, when his friendship with Professor Cowell first brought him on to the track of Persian poetry, he was forty-four years old. Since he had left Cambridge he had lived the contemplative life, eating no meat, with no fixed occupation, following no pastime, save in his earlier days, the hypnotizing sport of summer fishing in the Ouse. His visits to London were merely to hear music, see pictures and smoke pipes with his group of old Cambridge friends. The rest of his life was Suffolk, the country which had inspired the poetry of Crabbe—poetry of surface cheerfulness and deep underlying melancholy. Here he lived with slight variations and excursions—"a little Bedfordshire, a little Northamptonshire, a little more folding of the hands; the same faces—the same fields—the same thoughts, occurring at the same turns of road," while the Afghan War was fought, and the Crimean, and the Punjab was conquered; while fierce revolution filled with blood the streets of European capitals, and, like Marmion's banner, our dominion in India wavered, almost fell and rose again. "At Boulge," he wrote in 1841, "days follow days with unvaried movement: there is the same level meadow, with geese upon it, always lying before my eyes; the same pollard oaks; with now and then the butcher or the washerwoman trundling by in their carts." The homely, unexciting fields, the changing seasons, the sky, the tidal rivers with collier sloops and fishing luggers drifting up and down, sometimes the low coast and yellow sea; letters to friends, pipes with neighboring parsons, music in the evening; a little translating from Greek or Spanish; books above all,

Shakespeare and Jeremy Taylor, Plutarch and Thucydides, Homer and Virgil and Theocritus, the Greek tragedians and Aristophanes, Dante and Spinoza; a seat in the garden in summer and by the fire in winter—such were the elements of the life led by FitzGerald, and thus the soil was formed into which the seed of Persian thought was to fall. It is the kind of existence which saddens towards mid-life, just when the man of action is in full tide of thought-annihilating affairs. A recluse like FitzGerald finds that his friends scatter, or marry, or die; he does not easily replenish the stock. On a dreaming mind-mirror, unclouded, by strong will or desire, memories of vanished scenes and presences are vividly impressed, the flow of things, the sense of distances, contrasts, and changes—

Yet ah! that Spring should vanish  
with the Rose,  
That youth's sweet-scented manu-  
script should close.

"Life is a Dream" is the title given to his greatest drama by the profound Calderon. FitzGerald saw the events of life pass before him as incidents in a dissolving vision set in a circle of darkness, like a magic-lantern picture. Either one loses oneself in active life, and then it seems real, or one looks on, and then it seems like the scene played in Prospero's enchanted island by spirits clothed in flesh, taking different parts, lightly appearing or vanishing heavily, in accordance with the will of an unseen Dramatic Author.

We are no other than a moving row  
Of magic shadow-shapes that come  
and go  
Round with the Sun-illuminated Lan-  
tern held  
In Midnight by the Master of the  
Show.

"You say sometimes," wrote FitzGerald from Wherstead, by the Orwell

river, as early as 1835, "how like things are to dreams; or, as I think, to the shifting scenes of a play. So does this place seem to me. All our family are collected here: all my brothers and sisters, with their wives, husbands and children, sitting at different occupations, or wandering about the grounds and gardens, discoursing each their separate concerns, but all united into one whole. The weather is delightful, but when I see them passing to and fro, and hear their voices, it is like the scenes in a play." FitzGerald was twenty-six when he wrote thus, and another twenty years were to pass before he translated Omar—years of development of his temperament, with no spell of active life to break the dream or normalize the mode of seeing and expressing. His life was the exact antithesis to, for instance, that of a sturdy pilgrim through nearly the same tract of time—the late editor of *The Edinburgh Review*, whose recently published *Letters* afford a good standard of comparison.

One sees the dominant mood and style of FitzGerald maturing towards his world-disturbing poem. In 1844, for instance, his view of London from Carlyle's attic: "The window was open and looked out on nursery gardens, their almond trees in blossom, and beyond, bare walls of houses, and over these, roofs and chimneys, and here and there a steeple, and whole London crowned with darkness gathering behind like the illimitable resources of a dream." It is a true vision of the idea of London in the Platonic sense. Or here again, in May, 1845:—"The reign of primroses and cowslips is over, and the oak now begins to take up the empire of the year, and wear a budding garland about its brows. Over all this settles down the white cloud in the West, and the Morning and Evening draw towards Summer." It is the very movement and inner sense of

Nature mirrored and reflected as perhaps it has not been in any other writer of letters, save one, in this time and country.

FitzGerald happened upon Persian literature at the age of life when most men who have the time to brood think with some sadness of the turn of their tide, and regret, after a fashion, joy-natural to youth which have been sacrificed to work, a sense of duty, ambition, religion, or to shyness. He had all his days to brood in, and his was that sensitive-sensuous nature disjoined from capacity for action, more to be found in the South and East than in the energetic North. The poetry of Hafiz and Omar Khayyam, with its catch at the sweet fruit of life, came to him at the appropriate moment. Especially in Omar he found something to his own spirit. "June over," he writes in 1857, "a thing I think of with Omar-like sorrow. And the roses here are blowing—and going as abundantly as even in Persia." Omar breathes, he said, "a sort of Consolation to me." Not that FitzGerald ever ranked the Persians as intellectually on a par with the great western poets, "their Religion and Philosophy is soon seen through, and always seems to be cuckooed over like a borrowed thing which people having once got, don't know how to parade enough"—but "Hafiz and Omar Khayyam ring like true metal." And, later on, he wrote to Cowell: "Oh, dear, when I do look into Homer, Dante and Virgil, Æschylus, Shakespeare, etc., those Orientals look—silly." After all, however, a goodly proportion of the religion and philosophy of western poets is soon seen through, and is but cuckooed over. There are few voices in the world and many echoes, it has been said.

FitzGerald was absorbed in the Persian for a few years, produced the wondrous piece of poetry in which his spirit lives like an enchanter in his

magically built palace, and then passed away altogether from his eastern wanderings. He had, it seemed, loaded all his "perilous stuff" on the ship thus launched on its voyage, and turned more than ever, in the rest of his life, to the books which dealt with the visible and human. Cervantes, Boccaccio, Montaigne, Madame de Sévigné, Horace Walpole, Crabbe, Lamb, Dickens, Trollope, and above all, Walter Scott, and now and again an hour of Sophocles and Virgil, became the chief companions of his solitude. He loved best the writers in whom *their* To-day lived and breathed as a real presence; not the abstract thinkers or generalizing historians.

It is now worth asking what is this philosophy of which Omar Khayyam is the father, and the spirit and style of FitzGerald is the English mother, and, next, what is it in the present condition of the Anglo-Saxon world which has of late given so successful a career to this philosophy?

Some commentators, with ingenuity greater even than that of those who composed the headings to the Chapters of the Song of Solomon in the English Bible, have supposed Omar to be a mystic religionist signifying divine love under the images of the wine and the long-tressed cup-bearer, as Hafiz and other Sûfi poets did, or pretended to do, or have been supposed to do. FitzGerald himself could not take this view. Omar, he remarks in his Preface, "is said to have been especially hated and feared by the Sûfis, whose practice he ridiculed, and whose faith amounts to little more than his own, when stripped of the mysticism and formal recognition of Islamism under which Omar would not hide. . . . Having failed (however mistakenly) of finding any Providence but Destiny, and any world but this, he set about making the most of it; preferring rather to soothe the Soul through

the Senses into acquiescence with things as he saw them, than to perplex it with vain disquietude after what they might be. Thus Omar, despairing of a solution of the enigma of life fell back, in theory at least, upon sensual pleasure as the only true wisdom, and only diverted himself with speculative problems of Deity, Destiny, Matter and Spirit, Good and Evil, and other such questions, easier to start than to run down, and the pursuit of which becomes a very weary sport at last."

If, in accordance with FitzGerald and common-sense, one takes Omar Khayyam as a material Epicurean of the twelfth century, meaning what he says, his teaching is old and simple enough. He plays upon an instrument with few strings. Nothing is known beyond the circle of sensation. All revelations are but as tales told by dreamers who wake for a moment, then fall to sleep again. Philosophic explanations are as empty and truthless as religious revelations. Heaven and Hell are but creations of imagination:—

Heav'n but the Vision of fulfilled Desire,  
And Hell the Shadow from a Soul on fire,  
Cast on the Darkness into which  
Ourselves  
So late emerged from, shall so soon  
expire.

Men are like pieces on a chess-board endowed with consciousness which makes them fancy that they govern their own movements. They exult in success, or despond in failure, but really are placed, and moved, and removed by the player. Or they are as a ball tossed down into the polo-field and driven hither and thither. Destiny governs all from the first of days to the last; in vain men pray, and weep, and struggle; they can alter nothing.



Sin is a meaningless word. Nothing is certain except the pleasure of the present hour—life itself is but a "momentary taste of Being from the well amid the waste." Therefore enjoy while you may the flower-garden, the forbidden wine, and the rosy lips of the beloved.

Waste not your hour, nor in the vain pursuit  
Of This and That endeavor and dispute;  
Better be jocund with the fruitful Grape,  
Than sadden after none, or bitter, Fruit.

"Make haste to eat, drink, and be merry." etc. "The result," says FitzGerald, "is sad enough, saddest perhaps when most ostentatiously merry; more apt to move sorrow than anger towards the old Tent-maker, who, after vainly endeavoring to unshackle his steps from Destiny, and to catch some authentic glimpse of To-morrow, fell back upon To-day (which has outlasted so many To-morrows!) as the only ground he had to stand upon, however momentarily slipping from under his feet." It is, in fact, the wisdom of Horace, but incarnated in a warmer and more passionate poetry than could arise from the mind of the *habitué* of the *Via Sacra*.

Doubtless to us Omar Khayyam would be nothing were it not for FitzGerald. Magic indeed is the power of verse. Every quatrain in the version will outlive all articles written in excellent prose upon important topics in the solemn Times, from its first morning of creation to its last dawn of reckoning. The poem lives with an astonishing life of its own, perhaps to endure as long as the Psalms of David. Like the finest poet of the present day, FitzGerald might have said, though he certainly would not have said:

Yea, ere Saturnian earth her child consumes,  
And I lie down with outworn ossuaries,  
Ere death's grim tongue anticipates the tomb's  
*Siste, viator; in this storied urn*  
My living heart is laid to throb and burn,  
Till end be ended, and till ceasing cease.

Yet their poetic vigor and beauty alone do not explain the amazing hold which these quatrains, after their obscure birth and childhood, have suddenly taken upon the English race. Something in their spirit, perhaps, suits a wandering and dissatisfied folk, camping here and there about the planet in virgin deserts, or upon the ruins of old civilizations. In India, that "battered Caravanseral, whose portals are Calcutta and Bombay, where Viceroy after Viceroy with his Staff abides his destined Hour and goes his Way," or in South Africa, or Australia, or the American Far West, where searchers for settlement are here to-day and gone to-morrow, the verse of the immobile dweller by the Deben may best express the sense of the transitory and the unreal. An American Ambassador has told us that he heard a western pioneer mutter a FitzGerald quatrain as he struck his little mining camp. But this is not the full explanation either. Just as in the 'fifties there was something in FitzGerald's mood which made the old Persian's poetry a fertilizing seed-place, so there is now some recent change in the mood of the Anglo-Saxon race that has caused this wide response to Omar-in-FitzGerald. It is, one must imagine, that there has of late been a wide and rapid decline in religious belief, so that a vast number of English people are able to understand and largely sympathize with the old rebel against the orthodox Islamite Puritanism of the East. Christian

wisdom is exactly opposite to that of Omar Khayyam, in that it affirms a knowledge of the meaning and end of life, and of that which is outside or behind life, most incomplete, indeed, but sufficient to serve as a practical guide. A Christian might admire the beauty of FitzGerald's poetry and think that it was the best possible expression of life unilluminated by revelation and unguided by faith. Christians have at all times accepted the belief that the world is under the Divine Government of the Being whom they call by different names in their different languages; that this Being was made manifest in the person of Jesus Christ; that men are here in the world merely as pilgrims on their way to their own country; that they are responsible for their conduct, and are bound to live soberly and seriously; that they should look on the things on earth not as ends in themselves, but merely as provisions for the way. Enjoyments of the body or intellect are, in the Christian view, not indeed to be condemned, but to be used with great caution and moderation lest they should prove temptations drawing men away from their true path, the road of *ad patriam*. In this view, suffering willingly and patiently endured, after the example of the founder of the religion, is a higher ideal by far than any pleasure, however legitimate. This whole conception of life is so absolutely different from Omar's "Counsels of Despair" that, unless there had been some weakening of it, popular reprints of the English version could hardly have been appearing annually in England "and almost daily" in America. English and American taste for fine poetry cannot alone account for this; it is not sufficiently strong or pure.

It is clear that in England, and far more in America, there is much thought and feeling seeking for a new guiding conception and direction in

life. It resembles capital which has lost its old investment and is seeking for new securities. There is a disintegration of the old solid and undoubting and matter of fact belief. This is the reason of the extraordinary popularity in England, and still more in America, of books attempting to find a new basis for religion, like those of the late Mr. Henry Drummond. Another sign is the increasing capture of adherents by those wizards (in a respectful sense) who, lit by a dim but waxing moon, follow Spiritualism, Christian Science, and the like obscure by-paths. Another curious sign is the development of a kind of religion of patriotism. Anti-Catholic journals and orators, the new priesthood, have since the Revolution, in Latin countries, steadily taught the people to worship abstract images called La France or Italia. These hierophants recall by their wrath when any insult (to be avenged by seas of blood) is offered to these goddesses, that of those who cried out: "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." To their honor even honor itself is to be sacrificed. Even in England and America there are some few signs of this tendency to hypostatize the natural love of one's country into the worship or adoration of an imaged Abstraction. A recent proposal that all children in National Schools should perform a daily act of salutation to the national flag would have seemed strange to our grandfathers, and idolatrous to Cromwell and Milton. Not long ago a London newspaper laid it down that "to extend the area of Englishmen and the English language" was the "new religion of Anglo-Saxon civilization." Alas! in need, sorrow, sickness, or any other adversity, no man will derive consolation from the existence of the British Empire or the American République, and, on the approach of death, these circumstances, relatively speaking so great,

will seem but as the shadow of a dream. They minister to our pride, these vast national estates, but console not our sorrows, and this is why, in spite of enormous success, we are still, as a German philosopher called us, "the most melancholy of races." There is no real cheerfulness or light-heartedness for those who are burdened with great possessions, and tormented by never satisfied desires.

FitzGerald first published his Omar Khayyam when the tide of optimistic belief in the sufficiency of material civilization was running its strongest, and when our complacency was hardly disturbed by the *caveats* entered, in their different ways, by Carlyle, and Matthew Arnold, and Ruskin. Epicureanism, based on a pessimistic Agnosticism, clothed though it was in a heart-penetrating form, could not then produce its full effect. The present popularity of the poem, which FitzGerald did not live to suffer under, marks, I think, the rapid decline at once of the old religious Protestant conviction, and of the sanguine optimistic temper due to the rapid movement of scientific discovery and mechanical invention. Realization, as ever, has fallen far short of anticipation, and an excessive estimate of the value of life has been followed by a tendency to question its whole wider purpose. As of old, voluptuous Sirens appeal to mariners weary of the sea, and doubtful whether there is any end to their labors, or meaning in their voyage. Why not end the voyage in these ever-alluring islands of pleasure, instead of passing them by with averted faces on the way to unknown seas? If this life is all, is it not absurd to refuse the wine forbidden to Mussulmans, the "free love" forbidden to Christians? Why not yield to that immense constant attraction? Thus the thought of Omar Khayyam, with the penetrating point given to it by the Suffolk dream-

er, touches multitudes whose like it would fifty years ago have left indifferent. The garrison has been partly withdrawn from their hearts.

It is a time of disenchantment and doubt. That common-sense, non-mystical Protestantism, foe to all enthusiasm and symbolic adoration, which satisfied men like Hoadley, and Wake, and Warburton, and Paley, and Whately, and prosaic Englishmen at large, has received its mortal wound at the hands of Rationalism and Free Criticism, its own children. Like the character in "Ariosto" it goes on fighting although, without perceiving it, it is dead.

E'l poverino, che non se n'era accorto  
Andava combattendo, ed' era morto.

It is not yet replaced. Yet we cannot live forever upon individual and national comforts and successes, or upon Stoical maxims, or without a wider, truer, and more adequate conception and embodiment of the Christian religion. Our race is too serious and sober, has been Christian for too many centuries, inherits too much that is good both from Catholic and Puritan sources, to do more than listen to the songs of the Sirens, half regretting that it cannot make surrender. What is to follow? Perhaps the most permanent result of our occupation of India will be, not the over-precarious empire itself, but restoration under influences flowing from the East of the true and essential meaning of our own religion, so debased in the West by association with utilitarian ends, optimistic philosophy, and worldly prosperity. The translation in the nineteenth century of the Sacred Books of the East, when the gold in them is sifted from the dust, may prove to be even more important than the revival of Greek learning in the sixteenth. Or, at any rate, we shall learn from the weariness

born of success, if not from great disasters, to esteem at its true value, neither more nor less, all that intellectual and material progress, the rapid-

ity of which has somewhat disturbed correctness of vision during these latter ages of the world.

Bernard Holland.

The National Review.

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### ANTON RUBINSTEIN.\*

Before me lies a photograph of Rubinstein, probably the best one in existence, and I cannot turn my eyes from the peculiar, extremely interesting face, whose introspective gaze and characteristic features are so infinitely expressive.

I value this picture especially because it so truthfully represents Rubinstein's hands, those Titan hands which have accomplished marvels, conjured up worlds of strength and beauty.

Like that of Dante, Goethe, Bismarck and Franz Liszt, Rubinstein's personality shows harmonious and characteristic agreement between the physical and intellectual powers which form the wide circle of his talents and peculiarities into a special image. No one can pass Rubinstein's picture indifferently—he must feel that this personality produces an unusual impression.

Rubinstein's period of greatest brilliancy occurred at that epoch of enthusiasm which placed the artist far above ordinary mortals; but outside of his joy-bestowing art, little was known of the man himself.

It is far different now. The artist—no less valued on that account—no longer meets with that artless childlike admiration which put a wide gulf between him and the public. He is robbed of much of his cloud-enthroned

divinity; but with the increasing study of mankind there is a keener interest in personality, a desire to investigate the characteristic traits, the defects and the merits, which constitute his humanity.

Rubinstein presents special attractions in this field. As a man his type was unusual, a complete nature, whose restless, thoughtful mind, artless, generous spirit, and truthful, noble disposition rendered him a most winning individual. His soul was as clear and transparent as a child's, and stood as near to nature as his genius to divine art.

The foundation of his character was truthfulness which, occasionally, rose to godlike frankness. Pettiness was hateful to him. He was exalted above jealousy and unjust ridicule. An enthusiastic adherent of truth, he never used it as an offensive weapon. This is shown by his statement, "If I am asked for my opinion, I give it plainly, even if it should be unpleasant to the questioner—but I do not express it *un-asked*."

He rarely or never spoke unfavorably of other pianists, or tried to belittle their merits by spiteful witticisms. He was aware of his own ability, but this strong artistic consciousness was illumined by the golden rays of genuine modesty.

The conversation once turned upon the marvellous power of attraction he exerted upon the public.

\* Translated for The Living Age from the German of Illas, by Mary J. Safford.

"You see," he said to me, "there is little Heymann, who plays a thousand times better than I—but he has empty halls."

"Why is it?" I asked.

"Oh, one can hardly explain," replied Rubinstein. "It is magnetism—a certain sympathy with the audience."

Intellectual union with the audience was an urgent necessity to Rubinstein, without which his whole performance seemed to him valueless.

If, according to his feeling, he could not bewitch his hearers, he felt bitter disappointment, which often vented itself in satirical remarks.

"Self-conceit," he said, "must be a delightful feeling, for it knows no disappointment."

After a Court concert at a Northern capital, a Court official brought him a valuable order.

"Please take it back again," he said simply. "It is nothing to me. The king cannot give it to me with a clear conscience, for he played cards during my whole performance, so he cannot know whether I deserve it."

And, in spite of all the protests of the embarrassed courtier, he persisted in his refusal.

It is not my intention to criticize comprehensively Rubinstein's playing. But who could speak or write his name without recalling the rapture of enthusiasm which this peerless musician evoked in all those who were fortunate enough to hear him even once! He was a Titan,—an enchanter,—the Beyond-Man at the piano, the man whose name ought not to be mentioned during the finest performances in a modern concert hall, if everything is not to appear grey and colorless. A world of grandeur, power, and overwhelming delight lies between his playing and that of other musicians. And every comparison is based on false premises. He possessed what the en-

vious gods bestow only on the chosen few—the miraculous! Franz Liszt and Rubinstein held in their hands the magic circle of the piano.

This is the reason that Liszt could say when Rubenstein was a boy of fifteen:

"He will be the heir of my playing."

Rubinstein's passionate enthusiasm for his instrument, the piano, is worthy of note. He called it the musician's photographic apparatus, the dictionary and musical lexicon of the public, the real instrument of music. This is the cause of his extreme preference for Chopin—"the soul of the piano." Rubinstein was also a peerless accompanist. Frau Helène Magnus, the poetic singer, with whom Rubinstein made a concert tour, said to him admiringly: "You know, Rubinstein, *you* sing, and I accompany!" And when, one day, in conversation, I expressed my amazement that he—the giant—should understand how to subordinate himself in this way, in comparison with others, inferior but more indiscreet pianists, he answered:

"When I accompany singing, I cease to be a pianist; in the case of the others they probably first begin to be, and therefore must make themselves noticed."

With all his genius, Rubinstein was an unusually diligent worker.

"Man must have a duty to fulfil, a 'must,' or he will lose the standard for the foundation of his existence." He was fond of repeating this proverb. He spent a summer for recreation at Marienbad, where he hired a villa, in which he reserved a little study looking out upon the woods. His "summer recreation" consisted in sitting down at his desk in "full dress," with high collar and black suit, and "writing notes." And there he sat the whole day long, except during the meals, at which he ate little. The whole luxury of his "recreation" consisted in smok-

ing forty cigarettes and leaving a few buttons of his vest open.

"Why, Rubinstein! Don't you want to go to walk or to drive?"

"What is the use?" He pointed through the window. "I have plenty of fresh air."

"But you work so steadily—"

"*Something of us must remain here,*" he said sighing.

The characteristic sentence in his "Basket of Thoughts" probably refers to the same thing.

"Death often strikes men so suddenly and so unexpectedly, that I always carry with me the thought, 'The next moment you will be no more.' This is the cause of my perhaps exaggerated industry. I, too, would like to have said something to mankind."

His aversion to writing letters was as strong as his passion for writing music. He wrote a symphony more easily than he did a letter, and he himself once told me that, in Russia, he wrote some one a letter six pages long about some very important business.

I looked at him incredulously.

"But do you know what happened?" he went on, laughing. "When the terrible letter, written with great labor, was finally finished, I read it through and—tore it and threw it into the fire. But I threw myself into a carriage and took a two days' journey to settle everything verbally with the person concerned."

Rubinstein not only wrote music, but attended to technical studies with the utmost punctillousness.

"It must be done. For you see," he said, smiling, "if for a time I omit practising regularly, the first day I alone will notice it, the second day the critics will perceive it, the third day the audience, and, on the fourth—I shall be hissed!"

When Rubinstein was in Vienna, his drawing-room in the hotel "Archduke Charles," in Corinthia street, was, of

course, the rendezvous of his admirers, both men and women, and a flood—almost a deluge—of hopeful amateurs poured upon the tortured maestro. One day at noon, when I wished to call upon him, soon after his arrival, I could not see the number of the door distinctly owing to the darkness of the corridor. A nocturne by Chopin—miserably played—reached my horrified ears.

"No, this can't be Rubinstein's room," I said, shuddering. But at the same instant the door opened, and I saw him standing in the midst of a throng of ladies and gentlemen.

A very young girl—the player of the nocturne—with rosy cheeks and wonderfully pretty blue eyes, was just rising from the piano. She made Rubinstein an embarrassed little curtsy. But he held out his hand to her saying kindly:

"*Adieu, ma chère, adieu!*"

When she had gone, I looked at the musician inquiringly.

"Well, what shall I say? Must I frighten the poor child with the beautiful timid eyes still more? She would have fainted here if I had told her how she plays the piano. So it was best—'adieu! adieu!'" and he waved his hand tragi-comically toward the door.

That same evening I saw Rubinstein in a congenial little circle of mutual friends. The hostess, who knew that the artist was a great admirer of pretty women, asked him to take a lovely young girl out to dinner.

"Do you play the piano. Fräulein?" he asked as he offered her his arm.

"Unfortunately, no!" said the young lady, blushing.

"Oh, then, I thank you a thousand times!" answered the delighted musician, kissing her hands; and, laughing, he led her to the table.

Rubinstein frequently said that he was glad his children were not musi-



cal; it would have been terrible to hear them practice.

The following little incident will illustrate how artless the famous musician could be.

A young 'cellist called upon him just after a new sonata for the violin had been received.

"Do you play the piano?" he asked.

"Very little. Scarcely at all," the young man replied.

"Come, come! It isn't so difficult. I am curious to hear how the thing will sound. Sit down here and play with the violin—it will go beautifully!"

Though the visitor objected, Rubinstein forced him to take his seat at the piano, and when, after repeated trials, the piece still limped, he looked at his partner a little while, and at last said wonderingly:

"You know, my friend, you really can play the piano astonishingly little."

An interesting companion anecdote to the one just related is an episode belonging to the period when Rubinstein was still living in Vienna and received a select company of artists every Thursday. One evening Franz Lizst appeared and, after a short time, Rubinstein invited the master to play something together with him on two pianos.

"I've just received something entirely new from Lelpsic—a concerto of mine," said Rubinstein. He took from his desk an unopened package, and tearing off the wrapper, handed the piece to Lizst.

But the latter would not listen to this and, especially after glancing through the sheets, declared:

"No, no, that's far too difficult."

Not until after much entreaty and persuasion did Lizst seat himself at the first piano and, while chatting with those gathered about him, played the difficult concerto with such perfection and bewitching execution, that all—

even Rubinstein—were frantic with delight and admiration. The latter rose from the second piano, on which he had accompanied Lizst, came over to him and said, smiling:

"Master, you came within an ace of playing my concerto *from memory*."

Rubinstein was the most enthusiastic worshipper of Lizst; he admired him as a virtuoso, and with unenvious enthusiasm, he said of him that he was "peerless in every respect, the culmination of everything which piano music can offer," but concerning Lizst's compositions he was doubtful, and he did not hesitate to say that he regarded Wagner's music of the future as the corruption and ruin of art. He was equally opposed to Brahms, his direction, and his followers.

"I don't like the 'Puritans!'" he said, and he showed his aversion by never being heard to play a note of Brahms' music.

Rubinstein was the simplest, most modest of men, but the genuine pride of the artist dwelt in his soul. While in London he was requested, in the Queen's name, by a personage of high rank, to come to Windsor and take part in a Court concert.

"For the Queen *alone* I will play as much as she wishes," he said to the puzzled courtier, "but for *no one* else. If the Queen desires to hear me—alone—with pleasure!"

The most glorious, purely human traits in Rubinstein's character were his kind heart, his ever open hand, his inexhaustible sympathy, and his un-failing readiness to help suffering humanity.

"To give is a greater pleasure than to have," he said, "and if I long for money, it is only for the sake of the enjoyment—of being able to give."

The passage in the following letter, which explains his desire to earn a great deal, probably refers to this feeling:

Peterhof, Aug. 25th (Sept. 6th), 1876.  
Dear Lewy:

I probably shall not be able to travel before the month of January, for concerts really not before February, since at Vizenin's entreaty not to give "Nero" first in Berlin, I have determined to go to Hamburg, and Pollini promises to give the opera there in January in the very best style—so from the last week in January I shall be at *your* and Rosa's disposal, but only on condition that I can earn a *great deal* of money; for otherwise concert-giving is an abomination. "Nero," it is definitely settled, will be performed in Paris in 1877-78. Here the "Maccabees" will be given this winter, Bock has also closed the contract for Munich—perhaps Vienna will come too?!

He wants to buy the opera for Russia, and I will gladly accept his offer if he will take all my operas for this country.

But what will become of everything if war is declared? Consider this matter well, and Rosa, too, for it is not without importance.

All is going well with us, and I hope with you also.

With kindest regards to you and yours,

Your  
Ant. Rubinstein.

Never did any one, especially a musician or an artist, apply to him in vain; he gave generously; nay, it is well known that it was so difficult for him to refuse an entreaty that he bestowed upon the petitioner whatever he happened to have about him at the moment, whether it was twenty marks or a thousand.

It has been estimated that since the founding of the conservatory in St. Petersburg, Rubinstein had made by his playing not less than 300,000 roubles for charitable purposes, a gain and a sacrifice which scarcely any one else would ever make.

His charity was limitless. His secretary, Hermann Wolff, placed a letter before him; poor E— was very bad-

ly off, would he not play for the benefit of the family?

"No, no," he answered carelessly, "I won't play. Send the poor wife three thousand marks—she'll be able to use them!"

It is well known that Rubinstein's whole aspiration and fiery ambition was to occupy a lasting place among the Immortals as a composer. This went so far that he undervalued his inimitable piano-playing in order to give more importance to his talent for composition—which unfortunately did not receive universal approval. The following little occurrence, which happened in Vienna, and drastically illustrates the step from "the sublime to the ridiculous," sounds like irony.

Rubinstein is playing the last number on the program in the great hall of the Musical Society, which is packed to the last seat with a brilliant audience.

The people shout and rave in their delight, continually demanding more; they are insatiable in their enjoyment of his perfect art.

Rubinstein, already much exhausted, with perspiration streaming from his forehead, and a weary expression, bows and obligingly sits down at the instrument again. There is a fresh tumult of shouting. But now his strength is exhausted, his shirt collar is as limp as blotting-paper, his cravat, half untied, is already under his right ear—he is compelled fairly to run away from his audience, if he is to have rest at last. The throng is still furiously applauding the glorious artist, as the latter, wrapped in his fur coat, steals out of the door, leaning on his manager's arm, to reach his carriage as quickly as possible.

Then the voice of the man who is calling the equipages roars loudly through the quiet night:

"The carriage for the *piano player*."

## INSECT AUGURY.

In many a village in remote quarters—and often in near ones to town—there are, though the superficial visitor will have no inkling of it, augurs of the future scattered broadcast. In London the latest fashionable phase of inquiries into futurity is that of palmistry. London, however, need not disdainfully regard the far-off little solitudes where the years move slowly and things remain unchanged for generations, for, after all, the faith in the tracery of the human hand is one which should make its devotees lenient to other beliefs, in the hope of similar results.

The old-world village has various augurs and auguries. One of the most remote forms of the latter which existed in ancient Rome, for instance, is found in such places to-day, little as the believers in it know of the dignified origin and antiquity of the tradition. That is the augury of the poultry yard, the representative to-day of the sacred chickens whom the whilom mistress of the world consulted on imperial affairs. Various events are diagnosed from the behavior of fowls in rural districts. But our theme is one which, to a good many readers, especially town ones, will, we think, be unfamiliar, and that is insect augury.

There is no such classical origin for this, so far as we are aware, as for the augury of birds. Yet it is a widespread belief, and how old impossible to say. You would not suppose that such tiny creatures could be so intently regarded. But, after all, there is doubtless as much in it as in peering into the future by cards or tea-leaves, with both which methods of obtaining auguries every one is, at any rate by hearsay, familiar.

There is one insect and one class of

omen which it may be premised are well known enough. Of course, that is the "death-watch." Over a century and a half ago Swift, in some of his vigorous verse, endeavored to dispute the superstition in a most superstitious age. We only therefore allude to this in order to say two things—first, that despite Swift's laughter at the fear of this insect—

That lies in old wood like a hare in her  
form,  
With teeth and with claws it will bite  
or will scratch,  
And chambermaids christen this worm  
a death-watch,  
Because, like a watch, it always cries  
click.  
Then woe be to those in the house who  
are sick—

the belief in its omen—not that it is a worm, but a small timber-boring beetle—remains as widely spread in 1890 as in Swift's day; and, secondly, that it is by no means a mere village belief, but quite as much a London one.

As regards the beetle, there is a much less known augury deduced from a single one where none has appeared before. By beetle is meant, accurately speaking, the cockroach, that loathsome house pest originally introduced by the traffic from the West Indies. There is a very extensive opinion that the sight of a single beetle appearing in a house is a sign either of death or sickness and misfortune. So powerful is the notion that intending tenants of a house, on looking over it and seeing a solitary blackbeetle in one of the rooms, have thereupon incontinently altered their intentions and gone elsewhere. Again, in country districts it is held that to kill a beetle will be followed by rainy weather; the origin of this it is impossible to say. Nor do

some like to encounter what is known as "the bloody-nosed beetle"—a rural insect this, which, on being interfered with, exudes or discharges from the mouth a reddish fluid. This is by some deemed an unhappy augury.

*Per contra*, if the blackbeetle be unlucky to see on entering a new house, quite fortunate are they who hear the chirp of the cricket on such an occasion. But this belief is well known, and one of Dickens's Christmas books illustrates it. In some places the (men is yet more extensive, and the chirp of the field cricket is an equally happy sound. Not, by the way, to speak by the card, that either cricket chirps—it is a *façon de parler*—the sound is actually made by the friction of the cases of the *elytra* against each other. However, the sound of the field cricket, a shrilling noise much more sonorous than that of the house cricket, is one which the rustic, who is versed in old traditions, deduces happiest augury from. If he be going across the meadow a-wooling or to a new "place." That killing a house cricket is a thing to be avoided, unless you wish to "kill your luck" follows as a matter of course on these beliefs.

Among fortunate omens is that which occurs when a "ladybird" alights on the wayfarer. He will prosper in love affairs even as he will in financial ones when the tiny spider known as the "money-spinner" drops on his hat. In each case he must be particularly careful not to dislodge the insect. There is little to choose between the popularity of these two little creatures. A number of ladybirds is, of course a much more extensive omen than one. But as flirtations are antagonistic to prospering in true love, it would seem that in this case there is combined luck thus in love and money matters as well.

Butterflies may mean much in the way of auguries. The variegated ones,

of bright coloring, are fortunate, especially if fluttering near the wayfarer. But the bronze butterfly or moth is not lucky. Of all the race, however, the most dreaded as an augury is what is commonly known as the "death's-head moth." People who are very firm of nerve in other matters have often been much agitated on finding one of these in a room. The villager does not simply augur death from the likeness to the skull in the marking of the back, but various minor misfortunes. This moth (whose scientific name, *Acherontia atropos*, is sufficiently grim) is a very large one, and, flying into cottage rooms, making *more suo* for the candle, often extinguishes it, which doubles the terror of the omen. It is worth while recalling to mind, in view of the gloomy auguries which in many places accompany this moth's appearance, the fear it excited in parts of Poland in 1824. It swarmed in the potato fields—these and jasmine plants being its favorite haunts—and at dusk into open cottage windows. The noise peculiar to the moth became to the terrified peasantry a voice of anguish, and when it flew into the light and extinguished it they anticipated war, pestilence, hunger, and death to man and beast; in fact the wildest horror, as described in contemporary accounts, overspread in that year a very wide district. Even now, however, so many decades later, and in much less impressionable rural England, the aspect of the moth and its sound are seen and heard with dread. From the yellow and brown tailed moths, too, similar, though less terrible, omens are deduced. Possibly the markings on the back of the death's-head moth, which are sufficiently startling to a nervous person or invalid when unexpectedly seen, account in some degree for the ill-omen which its appearance is deemed to be. But there is a much more puzzling augury, no origin of

which we are acquainted with, nor do any of the village augurs themselves seem able to explain it, save that it is what they have heard from their predecessors. A wild bee—that means a humblebee—flying through an open window into a room would, if it occurred in London, which, save in some of the farthest suburbs, is a very unlikely occurrence, excite no sentiment save that of astonishment or curiosity in children. But occurring in a village it immediately plunges all the occupants of that house into gloom. You ask why, and are pitied for your own ignorance. You will be told because it is a sign of death to some one in the house within a twelvemonth. If the bee flies round the room and out of the window again that does not lessen the omen. It is similar with a wild bird of any kind, about which just the same opinion is held. But either a honey bee, a wasp, a hornet, or any other insect except the moths mentioned, may thus fly into a room and no attention will be paid to the episode, except attention to avoid the sting of wasp or hornet. Why the big, buzzing humble bee should be such a token of gloom it is impossible to say, because on breezy furze-clad common, or in honeysuckle-scented lane the humble bee is regarded as a merry creature in the sunshine. Only when it enters the room does it become the presage of calamity. So, however, it is. And if you do not desire to ruffle the feelings of the inhabitants you will not argue the question.

Then, again, there are the hive bees. Unimaginative people who get their honey from the grocers', and neither have, nor desire to have, any nearer acquaintance with bees, are of the opinion that the sole associations of the latter are those of acting as moral examples of industry and making honey. Far otherwise is it in the districts "far from the madding crowd." Bees are

auguries. Thus, where they swarm, the place whereon they cluster is looked at with intense interest; for if by chance they should swarm in any portion of dead wood, be it fence or otherwise, that is an omen, and a very sad one. Then will some one in the owner's house die within a year. If, again, they give but a scanty yield of honey, then troubles are ahead of anybody but "sovereigns and statesmen," and perhaps particularly enterprising editors. For it is an omen of European war; and during that war little if any honey will be made. (Bees, it may here be said, to thrive at their best must belong to people who are peaceable and hate both quarrels and slander—any kind of strife, either public or private, so upsets the bees' equanimity that they do very little, whereas in the piping times of peace the supply of honey is plentiful and of the best quality.

Also bees must never be bought for cash, but procured by barter—a bushel of wheat is the traditional exchange, and the successful bee-keeper must have much regard for his morals. So now you may perchance guess why certain owners' bees do not prove a good speculation, though it may be as well not to air your theories.) Resuming the thread of our theme, there are other matters in which bees act as auguries. For instance, if there is a wedding in the family, the coming event must be told them—in a low voice—not bawled at them jocosely. They do not like noise. Also the hives are to be decorated with red ribbon. Then the nuptials will be prosperous. In the case of a death in the family, the bees must be told it, otherwise they will desert the hive. We are not sure whether they are supposed to act thus if not informed of the wedding, but have an idea that opinions differ according to locality. In the case of the bee owner dying the hives should be

given away. They will not make any more honey in that place.

Should they swarm in sunshine and on a hedge in full leafage, that is a particularly fortunate thing. Also if they swarm promptly and compactly; otherwise if in a dilatory, desultory, and divided fashion.

We are not sure whether a snail may be called an insect scientifically, at any rate it is one in village parlance. A harmless creature enough when there are not many flowers or vegetables which can be devoured by it; but under some circumstances a grim enough omen. We were not aware till lately that if one, as sometimes happens, crawls up a window pane, it is a presage of death and misfortune, and that the browner the shell the more accurate the presage. Many people have been startled by, and the basis of various creepy legends about old houses has been, the occasional tapping heard against the window at night, and supposed to be anything but what it is—the sound of the slowly crawling snail. But that it is an omen is probably new to a good many. In a less degree it is an unfortunate omen to find a snail in the morning on the doorstep. Perhaps that is why a good many observers complacently watch on a summer's morning "the bold thrush" as he industriously gets the snails on the dewy lawn, takes them to the gravel walk, and hammers their shells on the stones till he can swallow the succulent contents.

Ants are the subject of diverse opinion. Some behold with much trepidation the sight of a solitary one in the house, notwithstanding the many moral axioms which are founded on the ant's industry. But this really arises from the unconquerable dislike some people have to all creeping things. The entomologist cannot understand the nervous horror with which many regard the things he handles so loving-

ly—spiders, for example. This reminds us that yet another augury is deduced in village life from the common spider. Very many people, chiefly of towns, have the greatest antipathy to spiders. The authority of the "Turkish Spy" tells us that he "would rather encounter a lion in the deserts of Arabia, provided he had but a sword in his hand, than feel a spider crawling on him in the dark." But village people do not mind spiders, because any one of them, even the biggest, which reminds you with a shudder of the dreaded tarantula crawling on your clothes, means very good fortune in monetary matters during the year. Also that it is a most unlucky thing to sweep down spiders' webs; which is a belief which lazy housemaids must certainly wish propagated.

The bluebottle is usually considered an unmitigated nuisance, whether in the matter of spoiling provisions or driving the studious occupant of a room to the verge of madness by buzzing round it and in the window. But should it alight on anybody's coat it is not, according to rustic tradition, to be driven. That noisy and unpopular insect presages good fortune in many ways. In this matter, however, there is a variation of opinion; for in some places it is held, and a gruesome notion in its suggestiveness it is, that a bluebottle persistently following a person walking along a road has the same ominous meaning as a shark has in following a ship—that is, death. The former augury certainly is the more pleasant. Nor do rustic nurses at all like the appearance of a bluebottle in a sick-room; while if the patient has heard the legend the consequences are often very injurious.

The first white butterfly seen in the garden, if it circles round and round and does not fly off suddenly, is a welcome sight. The dragon-fly, too, one of the most beautiful of insects, is a



propitious augury when first seen.  
Also

The chaffer's deep and drowsy hum,  
Not musical; but apt to find  
A welcome in the dreamy mind,

is a sound which, in the first really summer evening, it is fortunate to hear if you have money in your pocket. This idea, by the way, may be compared with that of hearing for the first time the cuckoo, from the *right*, on May-day if you are in the same agreeable financial condition.

Should you be reposing in summer in a meadow and a grasshopper happens to jump on you, by no means drive him away; welcome and cherish him, which is best done by perfect quiescence. He is a fortunate augury in any pet scheme that you may then have in contemplation. Whether his usual merry disposition or his blithe hopping over all sorts of difficulties has any association with the notion we know not; but the popularity of the grasshopper is ancient and distinguished enough, the Greek species having been favorites with all the poets from Homer and Hesiod to Anacreon and Theocritus. So much did the Athenians admire them that they were accustomed to fasten golden figures of them in their hair, and they were always addressed by the most endearing epithets. The sound of the grasshopper is always welcome and naturally of good omen, alluding, as it were, to summer and sunshine. Exactly in inverse ratio is it held in estimation to the eerie note of the death's-head moth, which, we forgot to mention, has been described by a scientific authority, as "strong and sharp, resembling, some say, that of a mouse, but more plaintive and even lamentable; which continues as long as it is held." Nobody but an entomologist would want to hold it. But no wonder the ignorant many should deem such

an insect and such a sound as ill-omened, and desire to have as little acquaintance with either as possible.

Nor does the rustic who is skilled in insect auguries have any wish to loiter despite the charm of one of the most perfect of immortal poems,

Where the beetle wheels his droning flight.

He does not care about having it suddenly close to his ear when going homeward along a lonely lane, any more than he does the

Sepulchral screech  
From the dark wood of oak or beech  
of the flame-bright owl, when on noiseless pinions she sweeps round the meadows, mouse-hunting at the same time, when

Fades the glimmering landscape on the sight.

The beetle's boom is not the merry daylight one of the humble bee—the humble bee at large, mind you—and it is not lucky. Why? *Quien sabe?* Perhaps because it is associated with the race of beetles, and—bar entomologists—they are not popular with any class. Always excepting the gold beetle of Edgar Poe's story. Probably nobody would consider that anything but a good omen if the result of coming into contact with one were satisfactory.

While writing we are reminded that one kind of butterfly is a welcome visitor to any house, as being a fortunate omen both in matters of finance and affection. That may come through an open window and welcome, and if it settle on any flowers in the room it is still more fortunate. Let it stay as long as it likes, says the admiring rustic. And that is the butterfly—although we do not know his scientific name—of red wings black-flecked; but we cannot give a more admirable description than by quotation:—

And he whose wings of blood bright  
grain,  
With broi'dery black and gold excel,  
The mottled tortoise' polished shell—  
which is indeed a thing of beauty.

There is a well-known insect of feeble aspect and very vague ways of flying about, which is termed popularly the daddy-long-legs. As to this we are not aware of any particular good omen from its wavering flights and floppings round the lamp or on your book or paper, or (which gives you the creeps) on the back of your neck. But it will be a very bad omen if it is killed for whatever special intention you are then thinking of carrying into effect. It must be gently taken up and put on the window-sill and there left if you object to its society. If you do not, let it fly about and circle round the lamp, which is embarrassing, as it usually burns some part of itself and drops ghastly on the table, as do the moths.

Curious it is to see with what attention in some remote parts an airy cloud of gnats—the earliest—are watched playing overhead. If their general height is low, things, some imagine, will not be prosperous; but if high, then the outlook is much more cheerful. A very large quantity of them, like an unusual swarm of flies, is looked upon as showing something important about to happen. Probably, however, this arises from the latter thing having preceded—whether as a

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mere coincidence or not is an argued question—epidemics.

The newly married couple who find a ladybird on their window-sill are as fortunate as in being greeted by the chirping of the cricket from the hearth. It is as good an omen as a black pullet being brought in on their first arrival and cackling, which is one of the best of presages. Also if across their garden's path in the morning they

See the industrious emmets race,  
With forward course and eager pace,  
Forth from their wintry hillock's store,  
Blackening the narrow pathway pour;  
And to and fro impatient run,  
Exulting in the vernal sun,

they may presage a good crop from the garden.

It will then be seen that in most instances the nature of the insect augury depends very much on locality in the insects, different places giving quite different presages. Some of the most widely extended beliefs are those about the honey bees. In Brittany, for instance, they are even stronger than in our own realm. Possibly inquiry, conducted in the proper way of gathering folklore, which means not the least doubt or ridicule, would gain particulars about other insects beyond those here mentioned, for there is a good deal of ancient tradition in far-off corners, which those possessed of do not volunteer to wayfarers.

*F. G. Walters.*

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#### MEMORABLE.

And did you once find Browning plain?  
And did he really seem quite clear?  
And did you read the book again?  
How strange it seems and queer!

And you were living before that,  
 And you are living after,  
 "Red-night-cap Country," think of that;  
 It almost moves my laughter.

I read it once, or was it?—No!  
 "Sordello," that was it, no doubt:  
 The "History of a Soul," you know,  
 Six thousand lines, or thereabout.

But thoughts I picked up as I read it,  
 And one, indeed, should be confess't  
 If Guelph you put in Ghibelin's stead, it—  
 Well, I forget the rest.

C. W. Stubbs.

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#### WALL FLOWERS.

It is curious how some plants love to grow upon old walls and ruins. Indeed, there are certain species of wild flowers which are seldom found except in such localities. It may be said that our ancient churches and cathedrals, the ruins of mediæval castles and of monastic houses, the remains of old city walls, and such like picturesque localities, support a flora of their own.

The most conspicuous example of this interesting flora is the well-known wallflower of our gardens, which is never found in a wild state except upon walls or ruins. But the wall-gilliflower, as it used to be called, is not by any means the only plant which deserves the distinguishing name of *wall flower*. There are many others, of which the snapdragon, the yellow sedum, the wall pennywort, and the pretty little *Draba verna*, or whitlow-grass, will occur to all. In the west of England almost every wayside wall is green with vegetation. The most delicate ferns abound—the wall rue, ceterach, the maidenhair spleenwort. Go where you will you will see ferns

and flowers growing from the interstices of the stones.

Several of our greatest British rarities belong to the wall-flora. The little *Holosteum umbellatum* used to grow on the old walls at Eye, and Bury, and Norwich, and other places in East Anglia. It is now, alas! almost, if not quite, extinct. The walls have been demolished and the plant is gone. It is still, however, to be found in various parts of Europe; the writer's specimen came from Amiens. The yellow whitlow-grass (*Draba aizoides*) is only to be found on old walls at Penard Castle, in Wales. The sweet-scented Nottingham catchfly is so called because it was first discovered by a friend of the famous naturalist, John Ray, growing on the walls of Nottingham Castle. Strange to say, after the burning of the castle in 1830, the plant for a few years completely overspread the ruins, establishing itself on the walls, in the crevices between the stones, and in every place where it was possible to obtain a footing. It is still there, though not nearly

in such abundance. It was, however, fairly plentiful last summer near the spot known as "Mortimer's Hole." On several old walls at Oxford a strange kind of yellow ragwort may be seen. Its proper home is in the south of Europe, but by some means or other it has found its way to Oxford and evidently means to stay there.

In the county best known botanically to the writer, many interesting species of our wall-flora may be seen. Hampshire possesses several fine ruins, and many hundred feet of ancient walls. There is Portchester Castle and Carisbrooke in the Isle of Wight. There are the ruins of the great Cistercian monasteries of Quarr, of Netley, and of Beaulieu in the New Forest. There are the remains of Titchfield Abbey and Southwick Priory; and ancient walls may be seen at Winchester, at Southampton, and elsewhere.

It may appear almost superfluous to mention the common ivy in connection with walls and ruins. It is so intimately associated with such places that "an ivy-mantled tower" is regarded as a matter of course. Sometimes, however, the shrub assumes such huge proportions as to call for notice. At Portchester Castle, for instance, it covers the Northern face of the Norman keep to the depth of some six or seven feet, and this in spite of the fact that the stems in places have been severed above the ground. One wonders how the hard Norman masonry can provide nourishment for so vast a mass of evergreen. It is strange, however, how large species manage to exist in barren places. An old print of the castle, dated 1761, shows several trees growing on the summit of the broken battlements; and elder-bushes of considerable size still flourish there.

The late Lord Selborne, who was a keen observer of nature, once said that when he was a boy at Winchester he well remembered some fine plants

of the red spur-valerian on the tower of the cathedral. It is interesting to know that the plant still flourishes there in considerable abundance, and last year one plant with white flowers was specially conspicuous. On the walls of the clove, which shut in the canons' gardens, some plants of *Erigeron acris* will be seen, while the beautiful little ivy-leaved toad-flax is everywhere. It is curious that the illustrious John Ray is silent as to the occurrence of this plant in England, though he mentions it as abounding on damp walls and rocks in Italy, and on the walls of Bale in Switzerland. Old Gerarde, however, who gives a very fair woodcut of the plant, says it "growes wilde upon the walls in Italy, but in gardens with us." But Parkinson, a contemporary of Gerarde, states that "it groweth naturally in divers places of our land, although formerly it hath not bene knowne to bee but in gardens, as about Hatfield, and other places that are shade upon the ground." Since then the plant has spread generally throughout England, and is now found on most ancient walls. In the Isle of Wight, where it is known as "Roving Jenny" and "Roving Sallor," it flourishes at Carisbrooke Castle, on the ruins at Quarr, and on old walls at Shorwell, Knighton and elsewhere. In America it has acquired the name of Kenilworth Ivy, doubtless from its growing on the walls of that castle, which the genius of Scott has made familiar to the world. It abounds on the venerable walls of St. Cross, Winchester, together with the hairy rock-cress, or *Arabis hirsuta*.

Of the plants which love to blossom on ancient walls the most generally distributed is the wallflower. It may be found on all the ruins in Hampshire—at Wolvesey, Netley, Beaulieu, on the Norman keep at Christchurch, where the flowers are of an exception-

ally pale color, at Quarr and Carisbrooke. But nowhere is it to be seen in such profusion as at Portchester. The plants begin to flower early in March, and by the first week in April are in full bloom. They blossom everywhere, on the grey Roman walls, on the mighty Norman keep, on the crumbling Plantagenet ruins. Later on the walls of the great banqueting hall will be gay with the flowers of the red valerian, with here and there a gigantic spike of the yellow mullein. But the appearance of the castle is never so picturesque as when the wall-flowers are in bloom.

Another mural plant, nearly allied to the wallflower, but easily to be distinguished by its far paler flowers, is the wall rocket (*Diplotaxis tenuifolia*). It cannot be called rare, and the writer remembers seeing it, among other places, at Dover Castle, at St. Osyth's Priory in Essex, and on the monastic ruins at Dunwich, in Suffolk. But, strange to say, it is only found in Hampshire in one locality. Though we should expect to find it on most of the ancient walls throughout the county, yet, such is the incomprehensible way of plants, it only cares to grow at Southampton, and there on the old town walls which skirt the western shore it blossoms abundantly.

But perhaps the most interesting species of our wallflora in Hampshire are to be found on the historic walls of Beaulieu Abbey, and probably date back to the days of the Cistercian monks. In early summer the grey walls of the ruined cloisters are gay with the purple flowers of the wild pink (*Dianthus plumarius*, L.). This plant is the origin of our garden pinks, and is naturalized in a few places in England. But nowhere else in Hampshire is it to be found save on the cloister walls of the abbey of Beaulieu. In company with the wild pink will be seen another plant with an interesting

history. This is *Hyssopus officinalis*: probably identical with the hyssop of Scripture. In the middle ages this plant always had a place in the monastic herb-garden, and was much prized for its medicinal properties. "Hyssop," says the old Herbal, "is a very pretty plant, kept for its virtues. It grows two feet high. The flowers are small, and stand in long spikes at the top of the branches; they are of a beautiful blue color. The whole plant has a strong, but not disagreeable smell." The plant was gathered when just beginning to flower, and dried. The infusion, made in the manner of tea, was "excellent against coughs, hoarseness, quineys, and swellings in the throat." It also, we are told, "helps to expectorate tough phlegm, and is effectual in all cold griefs of the chest or lungs." The monastic herb-garden has now entirely disappeared, but the hyssop remains, and is as fully established as the pellitory, calaminth, and other mural plants which flourish on the picturesque remains of the once "proud abbaye."

The pellitory-of-the-wall, a curious plant belonging to the nettle and hop tribe, is one of the most generally distributed of the wall-flora. A medicinal plant of considerable repute in the olden times, it is found at Quarr and Carisbrooke, and also on the ledges and "greens" which line the almost perpendicular chalk cliffs at Freshwater; most luxuriant, too, on the walls of Portchester and Beaulieu, and many another relic of mediæval magnificence.

Where the mouldering walls are seen Hung with pellitory green.

Among the most interesting ruins in Hampshire are, beyond question, those of Place House, Titchfield. Originally a Premonstratensian abbey, it was granted at the dissolution of the monasteries to Lord Chancellor Wrioth-

ley, who converted it into a "righte statle house embatayled, and having a goodlie gate, and a conducte casteld in the middle of the court of yt." The "statelle house," with which are connected many interesting historical incidents, is now an entire ruin, inhabited only by owls and jackdaws; but the garden is still "circummured with brick," and many flowers blossom on the ancient walls. Of these the most conspicuous is the purple snapdragon, which makes a fine show against the somber masonry. Here and there the polypody fern has firmly established itself, and several plants of the ivy-leaved lettuce are in flower. In spring before the antirrhinum is in bloom, rue-leaved saxifrage, a distinguished little plant with glandular hairs and small white flowers, is abundant all along the summit of the walls. In such places various kinds of grasses are always to be found, but not often species of much interest. Exception must, however, be made in favor of one brome-grass which is found, so far as the writer knows, in one spot only in Hampshire. This is *Bromus madriensis*, L., and with great discernment it has chosen the stately ruins of Netley as its habitat.

But the wall-loving ferns are to be found in this part of England, and these have a tendency to become scarcer. In Gilbert White's time both the ceterach and the rue-leaved spleenwort were to be seen on the walls of

Selborne Church. Both these have entirely disappeared, and also *Asplenium Trichomanes* in "Temple Lane." The ceterach only just manages to maintain an existence in Hampshire. The writer knew of a single plant at Portchester, and it may still be found in one or two other localities. The maidenhair spleenwort is commoner, but it is not to be seen in such abundance as in 1624, when Gerarde tells us that "Mr. Goodyer saw enough to lode an horse growing on the banks in a lane, as he rode between Rake and Headly neere Wollmer Forest." The rue-leaved spleenwort (*A. Ruta muraria*, L.) is fairly well distributed, both in the island and on the mainland. In some localities, as up the Meon Valley, it is comparatively common, and may be seen on many an old wall, including that of the Saxon church of Corhampton.

One more plant must be mentioned. Every one knows the yellow, biting stonecrop, so common on our rookeries and garden walls. This well-known plant has a very scarce first-cousin with thick leaves and pure white flowers, which at the beginning of the century flourished on the church walls of one particular parish in the Isle of Wight. This church has since been restored, outside as well as inside, but it is satisfactory and interesting to know that *Sedum dasyphyllum* still maintains a happy and prosperous existence in his old home.

*John Vaughan.*

Longman's Magazine.

#### THE HISTORICAL VICISSITUDES OF THE CHURCHWARDEN.

He is (so far as modern statutes permit him to survive) the creation of two facts in the mediæval history of his race. Enthusiastic Church lovers above all nations in Western Christen-

dom were the old English folk, wherefore they took it upon their shoulders to provide the ornaments of divine worship and service, and to repair the naves of their parish churches and



sometimes (as in the City of London) of the chancels in addition. This was the laudable custom of England, which the Canonists and the King's judges held must be enforced, and from it grew our parish and vestry and churchwardens.

If undutiful parochiani or parishioners shall fail to observe the custom according to the mind of Holy Church, Mister Archdeacon (in the middle ages archidiaconal functions meant the bishop's troublesome and disagreeable duties) will threaten excommunication: and it is therefore necessary that each parish shall have its two good men and true to make terms for them with this official of an ecclesiastical inland revenue department. So the parishioners choose their men, whom they will call Church Reeves, and Mister Archdeacon (who admits them to office) will describe as procuratores (proctors) ecclesiæ. As their powers develop these parish representatives become to the fifteenth-century judges and Canonists, the guardiani ecclesiæ, gardiens d'église, wardens of the goods and lights of the Church, wardens of the goods and chattels of the Church, and when the sixteenth century dawns the name and office of churchwarden indicate the powers and responsibilities of the temporal estates in matters ecclesiastical.

But there is another side to the office, which after the Reformation comes into ill-omened prominence. Ever since the Albigensian heresy startled the repose of the mediæval Church, the authorities seek information of heretics and of the ecclesiastical abuses which, they half suspect, have occasioned them. Good S. Edmund constitutes that in each rural deanery two men be chosen having the fear of God before their eyes to tell to the archbishop or his official the tale of the lay folks' wrongs at the hands of prelates and ecclesiastics. Unquestionably our sidesman (synodsman), who exists to-day in

some parishes as the faint understudy of the churchwarden, was once upon a time the delator of the heretical and profane to synods episcopal and provincial, but in time this office of inquiry and delation naturally falls to the churchwarden, and him the Canons of 1603 style also the questman.

When the guardian of the Church first looms clear before our eyes in the fifteenth century, he holds no sinecure. Wycliffite sermons and tracts notwithstanding, Church expenses are steadily growing, and he must exact from his fellow-parishioners the wherewithal not merely for the repair of the fabric, but for the vestments, the missal, the images, the pyx, the Rogation-tide banners, and other ornaments and paraphernalia which the archiepiscopal constitution has enjoined. And the archdeacon's eye is ever on him and the thunders of the Church will assuredly fall on his head, if the parochial money, which may have touched his palm, has not been properly expended; nay, but for old Lyndwood's good-natured way of laying down the law, perhaps the bolt would have fallen, even when the parishioners had paid him nothing. But he has burdens and troubles apart from laws ecclesiastical. The parish church is the village club of the later middle age, and the patronal day of the Church and the festival days of its guilds call for a parish circus. Then it falls to the warden's lot to provide the minstrels and the lights, and to make arrangements at the tavern. So that altogether there is a good deal of money for the poor warden to raise and he or she (for the Canon Law here made no distinction of sex) must find it in the manner most suitable to parochial opinion—that is, by a Church Ale. At first Holy Church resorts to the tavern: later, at least in the larger parishes, ambitions spring up, respectability intervenes, and our wardens build their church house and their brew

house (to be transformed some day when Puritanism and Cobdenism have made an end of "merry England," into the workhouse), buy stock and hold their revel on sacred ground. Generally in each year things pull through well. The Church is the freeholder's and the peasant's home, and their gifts in life and bequests after death keep the warden's balance straight. And then after their guild feasts, Robin Hood and the archers, and the maidens and the wives or other guildsmen or guildswomen, will bring in to the warden a little money. Of course now and then there is a bad year and then the archdeacon's threats must be met by a rate, but in these brave days, when the church is the home of the parish, this catastrophe is as exceptional as an earthquake.

So the churchwarden grows great and influential. The King's Courts notice and protect him, and while the English Church is still one with Western Christendom, the law has been laid down, that the Church and its ornaments pertain to the temporal estates and that the parson will meddle with them at his peril. So that when people get lazy and want to sit down in church, it is for the warden and not the parson to arrange the pews. Lay supervision has made the parish churches of England the most beautiful and wealthy in Western Christendom. Alas! for that reason, when the faith and chivalry of the knightly years have faded in the hearts of the ruling classes, their riches as surely attract the spoilers' hand, as do their steeples the lightning. And the Edwardine looting is of the most casual as well as of the most thoroughpaced character. There is no commission, no authority for most of it, so the stricken guardians report, and it extends not alone to the relics and pyx, but to surplice, chalice, and bells. Here and there wardens sell the goods for the

benefit of the parish, here and there a faithless warden appropriates them to his own uses; but generally the Lords of the Council, the rapacious bishops and the upstart squires of the new blood sweep all into their coffers, and as if by a magician's wand the churches of England are stripped bare at one blow of all the glories with which the piety or a penitence of nine hundred years has enriched and beautified their altars and their sanctuaries, their pillars and their shrines.

Yet the parochial organization stands the shock. In fact, now that feudalism is dead and democracy remains in the future, it is the only local machinery with which a Tudor despotism can work. So the churchwarden is turned into a civil officer and the parish into a civil district. It is natural enough now that the poor box and the poor rate are necessities, that the State, in undertaking the functions of almoner, shall utilize the old Church officer. And if he is good enough for relieving the poor, why may he not also look to the repair of roads, attend to discharged soldiers, and execute Puritan legislation against drunkenness? And despite the Reformation his ecclesiastical duties must still be continued. The custom holds as to the repair and the ornaments of the church, and as the guilds are gone and as Puritanism suppresses the Church ales, he must become everywhere a rating official. Nor is this the worst. Church and State are one, and the churchwarden must present alike the Puritan separatist and the Romish recusant. He is too good an Englishman to like the bustness of inquisitor, and is therefore always in trouble with the powers that be. And then such contradictory orders come from the said powers, that he scarcely knows where he is, takes to quarrelling with the parson, and will not be restrained by the ordinary. Two results therefore follow. The Church

in its 1603 Canons gives the appointment of one of the two wardens to the parson, though, thanks to the Common lawyers, this canon will not oust the old custom of the parishioners choosing the two, where it is remembered, and the Royal Courts themselves, in a splendid exercise of unhistorical audacity, lay down that the warden is a civil officer, and that the cognisance of his election pertains to the judges and not to the Church. What with recusants and vagrants and the Puritan revolution the seventeenth-century warden fares ill, and it is every one's desire to flee the burden; but though the peers and the gentry and the lawyers may excused, neither Laud nor Cromwell nor the Rump can dispense with parish officers, and therefore the communalty must be made to serve.

At last the sober sense of Englishmen abandons the impossible ideal of religious uniformity, "a stranger fills the Stuart's throne," and the Georgian epoch brings to the much-wearied warden, what of yore Cæsarism brought to the Roman provincial, "a mild peaceful evening after the hot and sultry day." Let Archdeacon Prideaux admonish him as he will, our warden has done with presentment and prosecution, and is forgetting the meaning of archidiaconal functions. A grave and proper appearance on the Sabbath morn in the parish church, where chancellors' faculties and pew rents leave few seats for his disposal, and a week-day pleasantly spent o'er the tankard and the pipe, which while tobacco is smoked will for ever save him from oblivion, give the salient features of the churchwarden who opened the pew doors for the young ladies who danced the minuet, and mused over the "Mysterics of Udolpho" by the waters of Bladud. Shame on the French Revolution and the Corsican ogre that raised the poor law trouble by their foolish wars and broke the Arcadian dream!

"I hope as ye'll be good to the poor, sir," rises the widows' plaint after the Easter vestry of the later Georgian days. And our kind-hearted friend, as almoner of the parish charities and overseer of the poor, responds in a way not pleasing to the "calculators, sophists and economists" who have banished chivalry to Saturn or to Abbotsford. Therefore they lay sacrilegious hands on the Vestries, which for the most part are still the democratic assemblies of the christened folk, and ordain that the warden shall be henceforth the creature of plural votes and rate-paying qualifications.

It did not, however, last for long. The Whigs and the philosophers came in with the Reform Bill and they detested the parish as too Christian, too mediæval and too extravagant, and as incapable of Manchester economics. Therefore they substitute their guardians, their unions and their sanitary districts, and the main work of the eighteenth-century churchwarden was gone. Worse follows. The Dissenter kicks at the Church rate, and therefore the old custom of England, which has stood the Reformation and the Commonwealth, loses its legal sanction, and the repair of the churches is left to the generosity and religion of their worshippers. And later in our own day arose the bucolic Radical of town importation. He talked glibly and foolishly of freeing the parish from the parson, as conceivable a conception as the freeing of the Law Courts from the judges. And he gets his way first in that extraordinary law that defines a parochia or parish as an area for which a separate poor rate is or can be made, or for which a separate overseer is or can be appointed, and lastly in that stupendous measure of 1894, which practically strips our warden of all his civil powers, and leaves him naught but his ecclesiastical duties of supervision and arrangement, and a

control over such bits of parish funds and property that a charity commissioner or Chancery judge may be pleased to earmark "Ecclesiastical Charity."

Yet though cast down by the law he holds an office more popular than ever it was before and now the object of eager ambition. Half deserted by the State, the Church grows more conscious of its internal life, and therefore the importance of its lay officers grows with it in a land which in its most sacerdotal days has held that the ornaments and fabric of the church are matters for the lay estates. Even our "unhappy divisions" increase his responsibilities, and he is resuming his old intimate relations with the ordinary. Further, now that the democracy of the Christian Church is being realized and pew rents are ceasing, his duties in

regard to the seating of the congregation are becoming a grave matter. "Church Reform" again holds out to him the hopes of power and authority such as his predecessors never knew.

Of course, before he will become altogether fit for his new career a gentle legal pruning will be necessary. The Nonconformist churchwarden is a nuisance and an anachronism, and must be ended. Obviously too the plural voting and rate qualifications in the ecclesiastical vestry must cease; and when ecclesiastical Courts are reformed they must exercise a proper jurisdiction over his election and accounts. But these reforms are certain to come and when they are facts our friend may look forward with proud confidence to many centuries of useful labor and supervision in church and parish *ad majorem gloriam Dei!*

The Saturday Review.

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### A MASQUERADER.

Sorrow once wearied of his sad estate,  
 And finding Pleasure sleeping in the sun  
 Put on his mantle, bargaining with Fate  
 That she should tell of the exchange to none;  
 Then through the city gates he made his way,  
 And eager crowds flocked round from far and near.  
 But some who strove to grasp his garments gay  
 Shrank back, they knew not why, with sudden fear.  
 And there were those who gave him of their best,  
 Who set before him a most royal feast,  
 Doing him homage as a kingly guest—  
 Till, as the music and the mirth increased,  
 One peered beneath his hood, and saw with wild surprise  
 The sombre Spirit looking out from Sorrow's eyes!

Blackwood's Magazine.

*Christian Burke.*

# The Living Age.—Supplement.

AUGUST 5, 1899.

## READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.

### NURSE ISABEL.\*

Nurse Isabel counted her shoes: seven pairs in all.

"I certainly must have another pair," she said to herself. "I did not realize that my stock had run so low."

She then put on her elegant coat and pretty hat, and satisfied herself that her appearance left nothing to be desired, which was indeed true. She was a most distinguished-looking woman, elegant and soothing in her indoor uniform, which was of a unique kind, devised by herself, and quite delightful in her outdoor apparel, which betrayed no signs of her profession.

"There are three classes of nurses," she said repeatedly to herself: "those who are 'fetching,' those who are scientific, and those who are neither 'fetching' nor scientific. And, thank goodness, I clearly belong to the first class."

"Nursing is a domestic form of acting," she sometimes said; "all good nurses would make good actresses. I personally should have made my fortune as an actress, if only my throat had been stronger. I have everything in my favor: appearance, talent, charm; but no strength of voice—sweetness, yes, but strength, no."

She was something of a philosopher too.

"The applause which would have been mine," she said, "I have had to

forego. But, as usual, compensations have arisen, and I am grateful for them. And the greatest compensation is the variety of parts which fall to my share. Not so with the leading lady. Having once pronounced herself comic, she dare not be tragic; once labelled as the suffering heroine, she dare not become an agent of wrong-doing. Now, at least, I am free to fill my rôle. And I can do each equally well. I can be the sweet saint, bending soothingly over some embroidery, sitting in the sunlight—when there is any, and the patient does not want the blind pulled down. I can be silent for hours together, or I can talk cleverly on ordinary subjects, such as Grieg, Ibsen, Rembrandt, and the Chinese Empress. I can read the Bible with reverent piety, or a racing novel with sparkling brightness. I can laugh. I can weep. I can be cynical. I can be fresh-hearted."

All of which was quite true. The only puzzle was why she had not been able to put such extraordinary talents to more than ordinary advantage. Some such thoughts crossed her mind to-day, when she left her lodging to go out and buy that eighth pair of shoes. She was tired and out of spirits, out of conceit with the whole world, and out of conceit with herself. She had just finished nursing an irritable old lady, who had mercifully betaken herself and her irritability to another planet, and Nurse Isabel determined to give herself

\* From *The Fowler*. By Beatrice Harraden. Copyright, 1899, by Dodd, Mead & Co. Price, \$1.50.

a short holiday and enjoy a little of outdoor life and shop windows.

But the noise of Oxford street seemed almost too much for her nerves.

"I am not myself to-day," she said to herself. "The world seems to me a living mass of irritable old ladies, all wanting the windows closed and the blinds down. I certainly must not take another old lady patient yet, nor another literary person. I really don't know which class tires me the most."

She looked at a tempting little pair of red kid shoes, with black velvet heels, but did not care to take the trouble to go in and buy them. She must have been unusually out of spirits to show such listlessness where shoes were concerned: they were her specialty, her most accentuated tendency, as the little stranger with the broad eye-glass ribbon would have called it. She gazed indolently at the shop windows, observed the latest tricks of fashion and decided how she might best modify them to suit her own individual charms; but nothing gave her real pleasure this morning, and when she saw the Forest Hills omnibus pass, she almost thought she would go and see her mother, and just have a few hours' restful change; but, unfortunately, she was not at all fond of the suburbs. Her dislike of the suburbs conquered her yearning for her mother, and the Forest Hills omnibus passed on its way, and Nurse Isabel strolled home even more listless than before. She did not even criticise the other hospital nurses whom she passed on her way; their cloaks, and bonnets, and the color of their uniform were matters of indifference to her to-day, and she did not pity any one for being so obviously inferior to herself. And that was quite unusual with her; for, in her normal condition of mind, she had the profoundest pity for all humanity, espec-

ially hospital-nurse humanity, for not being as charming as herself.

When she reached her lodging she found a telegram waiting for her, and at once went off to see the doctor who summoned her to his presence.

"I cannot refuse to take a case from him," she said, as she hastened to his house. "However, most of his patients are men, thank goodness, so there is no fear of my being oothered with another irritable old lady. Perhaps I shall have a cricketer, or a Life-Guardsman. I wonder which it will be?" And as she went on her way she tossed it up in her mind.

The doctor heaved a sigh of relief when he saw her.

"I am so glad that you are disengaged, Nurse Isabel," he said contentedly. "Here is a case which I have very much at heart, a case which needs a special nurse: some one artistic and cultured, some one with refined ways and pleasing appearance, some one to soothe a troubled spirit, and help to find that readjustment which can be found, given only the right conditions."

Nurse Isabel, standing there in the sunshine, seemed to combine all these marvellous gifts.

Then the doctor continued:

"He has had typhoid fever, from which he has recovered, but it has left him in a weakened condition: and then several heavy troubles, and one bad shock coming on the top of his illness, have shattered his nervous system. He is an historian. You probably know his name—Brian Uppingham, the well-known author of 'The Intellectual Evolution of Europe.'"

"Ah," said Nurse Isabel, sympathetically, but her heart sank. Alas! where was her cricketer or her Life-Guardsman now?

"He has had a house lent him in Graystoke," said the doctor, "a very charming and bracing place, and it is there that I want you to go and to



nurse him back to health and possibilities of renewed work. He is already there, having been taken down by a friend who has to leave him to-morrow, and so I propose that you join him immediately."

She received all the details and instructions with a truly charming amiability of manner which exactly corresponded with the savage disappointment of her mind.

"You are going to a delightful part of the country," the physician said, as she was leaving, "and you must not fail to visit that fine old castle."

As she left him, she thought to herself. "Why, why am I considered so charming? Certainly one has to pay the price of everything in this life." However, she accepted the circumstances, always being something of a philosopher, and hastened home to pack her clothes and catch her train for the nearest station to Graystoke, which, as far as she could make out, was situated about eleven miles from even the ghost of a railway station.

"All the same," she said to herself as she was packing, "this literary person shall be the last on my list for some time to come. If I did not need country air, and if I were not afraid of offending the doctor, the historian might sink into the tomb for all I should care. Historian indeed!"

She gathered her clothes together, not forgetting the Grecian evening dress on which she set great store, for she affected classical costumes, feeling that she was seen to best advantage in them, and she had long since adopted the Grecian style of hair-architecture, which especially suited her features. In less than two hours she had finished her preparations, packed her box, written to her mother, and enclosed in the letter a postal order for pin-money, dressed the wounded hand of the little lad down stairs, and was soon leaning back in the railway carriage, satisfied

on the whole that she was leaving London.

"The country is good for the nerves," she thought. "In my leisure hours, I shall stroll in the woods if there is nothing more exciting to do and I shall pick flowers from the hedges, and I shall even learn a little botany, and perhaps a little geology too. So if I get my nerves into better condition, and add some flowers and rocks to my general knowledge, I shall not do so badly after all."

She was not interested in knowledge for its own sake, but she had a remarkable aptitude for picking up facts and suggestions; and many an intellectual person might well have envied her her keen mind and quick perceptions. She was a genius at annexing other people's sentiments and opinions—annexing them so thoroughly, too, that they seemed to be a part of herself and not the property of some one else.

So this afternoon, when she was nearing the station, she listened attentively to the disjointed remarks of an old farmer, and learnt from him many particulars of the country, and gleaned information in her own masterly way.

Then she leaned out of the window, and felt the freshness of the air.

"What delightful air!" she exclaimed, "and how good for one's health."

"You be coming here for health, then?" the old farmer inquired sympathetically, for her face looked tired and drawn.

"Yes," she answered, though she did not think it necessary to add for whose health she had journeyed thus far from London. No one could have found out that she was a nurse; she looked like an elegant lady of ease, with the fag-end of a sorrowful history attached to her; she spoke like a leisured gentlewoman who has spared the time from her idleness to cultivate

a language or two, a little music, a few politics, and to take an indolent interest in the affairs of the passing moment. Her very voice had at times a slight peevishness about it, generally found in conjunction with wealth and ease. She puzzled the footman who stood waiting on the platform for a hospital nurse of the usual type. As no one of this pattern got out of the train, he naturally concluded that the nurse had not come; and he was chatting with his friend, the station-master, and asking particulars about a horse-fair, when an elegant lady approached him and made inquiries as to whether a carriage had been sent from the Moat House. He was so much im-

pressed with her appearance and manner that he could not summon up courage to ask if she were the hospital nurse. She waved her hand condescendingly in the direction of her luggage, and waited until he opened the door of the old-fashioned carriage, and then she stepped in.

"I must have the top of the carriage pulled down instantly," she said imperiously. "I do not care to be shut in like this."

The footman, mystified but que led, obeyed her instructions.

And thus in the pleasant cool of the evening was Nurse Isabel driven to the scene of her labors.

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#### IN THE IRISH LAW COURTS. \*

Not even the occupants of the Bench in Ireland are free from that proneness to make "bulls" which is one of the curious mental characteristics of the Irish people. "Are you married?" asked a magistrate in the Dublin police court of a prisoner who was charged with having committed an unprovoked assault on another man. "No, your worship," replied the man in the dock. "That's a good thing for your wife," said the magistrate. A witness giving evidence in a case tried at the Limerick Assizes used the expression, very common in Ireland. "I said to myself," so frequently that the judge interposed with the remark, "You must not tell us what you said to yourself, unless the prisoner was by. It is not evidence." I heard a judge say to a noisy, voluble witness, "Hold your tongue, sir, and give evidence

quietly and clearly!" In a case of an assault by a husband on a wife, the injured woman was reluctant to prosecute and give her evidence. "I'll leave him to God, me lord," she cried. "Oh, dear, no," said the judge; "it's far too serious matter for that!"

Dublin once boasted of a police magistrate named O'Malley whose eloquence made him the pride of the *habitués* of his court. "So, me man," he thundered at an old offender, who had often escaped what the magistrate always spoke of as "the butt end of the law," "so you're about to incur the just pinalty of yer manifold malifactions. Justice may pursue the evil-doer wid a leaden heel; but she smites—" here the quotation eluded him—"she smites—" then triumphantly—"she smites wid a cast-iron toe!"

Members of the Bar, in all countries, have not infrequently to suffer snubs, rebuffs, and sarcasms from the Bench, but in Ireland—as we have seen in the

\* From *Irish Life and Character*. By Michael MacDonagh. Copyright, 1890, by Thomas Whittaker.

case of Mr. Justice Ball and Mr. Dowse—the judge often comes off only second best. At the close of the last century there was an Irish judge named Robinson, who, in the words of Lord Brougham, was “the author of many stupid, knavish, and scurrilous pamphlets,” for which he had been raised to the bench. Soon after John Philpot Curran was called to the Bar, he appeared in a case heard before this judge, and, in combating some opinion of counsel on the other side, remarked that he could not find in his law books a single instance in which the principle contended for was established. “That may be, sir,” said the judge, “but I suspect your library is very limited.” “It is very true, my lord, that owing to circumstances my library is rather small,” said Curran, in a scathing retort, “but I have prepared myself for this high profession rather by the study of a few good books than by the composition of a great many bad ones!” On another occasion Lord Chancellor Clare, who had a discussion with Curran in court on some legal point, exclaimed sharply, “Oh, if that be law, Mr. Curran, I may burn my law books.” “You had better read them, my lord,” was Curran’s happy rejoinder. A more good-humored encounter was that between Chief Baron O’Grady and Charles Kendal Bushe, the eminent lawyer, and subsequently Chief Justice of the King’s Bench, at the Kilkenny Assize, which was held in a courthouse abutting on the fair green. While Bushe was addressing the jury a donkey on the green began to bray. “Wait a minute, Mr. Bushe, please,” said the judge; “I can’t hear two at a time!” Presently as the judge was summing up, the animal commenced crying again. “Will your lordship speak a little louder,” said Bushe; “there is such an echo in the court!”

Lord Morris, the well-known Irish

law lord, who, as I have already pointed out, has a racy Irish brogue, was conducting a trial in Coleraine, in which a gentleman sought damages from a veterinary surgeon for having poisoned a valuable horse. The issue depended upon the question how many grains of a certain drug could be safely administered. The dispensary proved that he had often given eight grains to a man, from which it was to be inferred that twelve for a horse was not excessive. “Docthor, dear, niver mind yer eight grains, in this matter o’ twelve,” said the judge. “Becaws we all know that some poisons are accumulative in effect; an’ ye may go to the edge o’ ruin with impunity. But tell me this: the twelve grains, the twelve, wouldn’t they kill the divil himself if he swallowed them?” “I don’t know, my lord,” said the doctor, pompously drawing himself up. “I never had the honor of prescribing for that patient.” “Ah, no, docthor, dear, ye niver had; more’s the pity. The ould bhoy’s alive still.”

The great powers of judgment and penetration of Daniel O’Connell were strikingly and dramatically shown in the course of a trial in Dublin as to the validity of an important will. The action was to set aside the will, on the ground that the testator was dead at the time he was said to have put his signature to the document. One of the witnesses to the will asserted over and over again, in cross-examination, when asked by Daniel O’Connell whether the testator was really alive when he was alleged to have written his name. “Yes, there was life in him, sure enough; oh, I’m sartin sure he had, life in him when signing the will.” Struck by a sudden inspiration, the lawyer cried out, “Now, sir, by the solemn oath you have taken, and as you shall one day have to answer before God for the truth, and nothing but the truth of your evidence, was not the life you

speak of nothing more than a live fly, which was put into the dead man's mouth while his name was being put to the will?" The witness, now scared and trembling, confessed that so it was!

A landlord in the county of Cork diverted so much of the water of a stream from its original channel as to cause loss and inconvenience to a neighboring farmer, who accordingly brought an action against him for damages. The landlord engaged for his defence an attorney named Fogarty, who had the roseate, purple face of a toper, and was well known for his love for whiskey, though, indeed, he could not love it to the extent for which his countenance gave credit. Daniel O'Connell, who appeared for the injured party, dwelt on the harm which had been done his client through his farm having been deprived of the benefits of the stream. "The stream is running dry," he continued; "so low is it, and so little of it is there, that," turning to the rubicund attorney—"there is not enough to make grog for Fogarty!"

As this story shows, Irish lawyers of days gone by indulged extravagantly in personalities. And they were often made to suffer for it from the pistol or the horsewhip of the man assailed. At the Tipperary Assizes Curran referred in scathing terms to a local land-agent. Two days after, as the lawyer was lying in bed in his house in Dublin, his servant told him that a gentleman was waiting to see him; but before he could reply the gentleman—travel-stained, highly irate, and of herculean proportions—rushed into the bedroom and cried, "Sor, I'm the gintleman you insulted in the courthouse at Clonmel in the presence of the whole county; and I'm here to thrash you soundly!" as he excitedly waved a horsewhip over the recumbent lawyer. "What?" said Curran, "you call yourself a gen-

tleman, and yet you mean to strike a man when he is lying down?" "No, bedad," said the visitor, "I'll just wait till ye get out of bed, and thin I'll give it to ye, hot and heavy." "If that's the case," said the lawyer, quite coolly, "I'll lie here all day;" and he turned over on his other side. The visitor was so tickled by this humorous announcement that he dropped his horsewhip and dismissed his anger in a roar of laughter, in which Curran heartily joined. And he who had come to horsewhip remained to dine.

The members of the Irish Bar have also a well-deserved reputation for wit. Baron Dowse, when a counsel, was asked by a judge, "For whom are you concerned in this action, Mr. Dowse?" "I am *concerned*, my lord, for the plaintiff; but I am *engaged* for the defendant," was the ready reply of counsel. The "cock-suredness" with which experts in handwriting give their evidence was the subject of a striking rebuff in an Irish court some years ago. An expert having emphatically sworn that a document was a forgery, Mr. Sergeant Armstrong, a celebrated leader of the Irish Bar in the seventies, rose to cross-examine. He looked at the witness for a second or two, and then asked this question, "What about the dog?" The witness seemed at a loss to understand the query, which was repeated three times by the lawyer, with ever-increasing loudness of tone. At last the witness said, "I do not understand you, sir. Pray be more explicit. What dog?" "What dog?" rejoined the sergeant: "of course I refer to the dog that Baron Dowse told a jury he would not hang on your evidence!"

Some years ago the assistant-barrister of the county of Clare was a Mr. William Major, between whom and a solicitor practising in his courts there was no love lost. A farmer processed a neighbor for the loss of a sheep

which had been killed by the defendant's dog. The solicitor, who had appeared for the plaintiff, thus examined his client—"What sort is the dog that killed your sheep—is he a bulldog or a terrier?" "He's a brown terrier, sur." "Is he wicked?" "Troth he is, sur, wicked and bad enough." "He is a snarling cur, I suppose, and shows his teeth where he cannot bite?" "You may say that, sur." "What is the dog's name?" the solicitor then asked; but the witness scratched his head and hesitated to reply. "Don't be delaying the Court, sir," said the assistant-barrister, "or I protest I'll dismiss your case." "Oh, thin, as I must tell it," said the witness, "shure he's a name-sake of yer own, yer honner, for his name is Major!" This palpable hit convulsed the Court—save the judge, of course—with laughter.

Occasionally there are most amusing mixtures of metaphors by counsel in their addresses to juries. In one case where a small farmer brought an action against a neighbor for alleged malversation of three bullocks, counsel for plaintiff concluded his speech by saying, "Gentlemen of the jury, it will be for you to say whether the defendant shall be allowed to come into court with unblushing footsteps, with the cloak of hypocrisy in his mouth, and draw three bullocks out of my client's pockets with impunity!" In another case counsel said, "My client acted

boldly. He saw the storm brewing in the distance; but he was not dismayed. He took the bull by the horns, and had him indicted for perjury!"

Sometimes very funny incidents occur in court. A man who was being tried for murder at the Clare Assizes many years ago was defended by Peter Burrowes, who was noted for his absent-mindedness. He it was who was found one morning standing by the fire with an egg in his hand and his watch in the saucepan! Burrowes, on the occasion of this trial, happened to have a bad cough, which he sought to soften by the occasional use of a lozenge. The bullet which killed the murdered man was produced and was given to the barrister, who urged that it could not fit the bore of the gun belonging to the prisoner, with which the Crown contended the fatal shot had been fired. Counsel held the bullet in one hand and a lozenge in the other; but in the ardor of his cross-examination of a police officer he forgot which was which, and, instead of the lozenge, swallowed the bullet. The inveterate tendency of an Irishman to make a joke on all occasions got the better even of the solemn judge, for, with a merry twinkle in his eye, his lordship remarked, "The only thing that can be done, in the circumstances, is to administer a charge of powder to counsel!"

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#### DOORYARDS.\*

Sweet as these homespun spots can make themselves, in their mixture of thrift and prodigality, they are dearer than ever at the points where they

register family traits, and so touch the humanity of us all. Here is imprinted the story of the man who owns the farm, that of the father who inherited it, and the grandfather who reclaimed it from waste; here have they and their womenkind set the foot of daily

\* From *Tiverton Tales*. By Alice Brown. Copyright, 1899, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.50.

living and traced indelible paths. They have left here the marks of tragedy, of pathos, of joy. One yard has a level bit of grassless ground between barn and pump, and you may call it a battlefield, if you will, since famine and desire have striven there together. Or, if you choose to read fine meanings into threadbare things, you may see in simple love of life and childlike pleasure a field of the cloth of gold where ure met and sparkled for no eye to see. It was a croquet ground, laid out in the days when croquet first inundated the land, and laid out by a woman. This was Della Smith, then mother of two grave children, and the wife of a farmer who never learned to smile. Eben was duller than the ox which ploughs all day long for his handful of hay at night and his heavy slumber; but Della, though she carried her end of the yoke with a gallant spirit, had dreams and desires forever bursting from brown shells, only to live a moment in the air, and then, like bubbles, die. She had a perpetual appetite for joy. When the circus came to town, she walked miles to see the procession; and, in dreams of satisfied delight dropped potatoes all the afternoon, to make up. Once a hand-organ and monkey strayed that way, and it was she who followed them; for the children were little, and all the saner house-mothers contented themselves with leaning over the gates till the wandering train had passed. But Della drained her draught of joy to the dregs, and then tilted her cup anew. With croquet came her supremest joy—one that leavened her days till God took her somewhere, we hope, where there is playtime. Della had not money to buy a croquet set, but she had something far better, an alert and undiscouraged mind. On one dizzy afternoon, at a Fourth of July picnic, when wickets had been set up near the wood, she had played with the minister, and

beaten him. The game opened before her an endless vista of delight. She saw herself perpetually knocking red-striped balls through an eternity of wickets, and she knew that here was the one pastime of which no soul could tire. Afterwards, driving home with her husband and two children, still in a daze of satisfied delight, she murmured absently:

"Wonder how much they cost?"

"What?" asked Eben, and Della turned, flushed scarlet, and replied:—

"Oh, nothin'!"

That night, she lay awake for one rapt hour, and then she slept the sleep of conquerors. In the morning, after Eben had gone safely off to work, and the children were still asleep, she began singing, in a monotonous, high voice, and took her way out of doors. She always sang at moments when she purposed leaping the bounds of domestic custom. Even Eben had learned that, dull as he was. If he heard that gully crooning from the buttery, he knew she might be breaking extra eggs, or using more sugar than was conformable.

"What you doin' of?" he was accustomed to call. But Della never answered, and he did not interfere. The question was a necessary concession to marital authority; he had no wish to curb her ways.

Della scudded about the yard like a wilful wind. She gathered withes from a waiting pile, and set them in that one level space for wickets. Then she took a handsaw, and, pale about the lips, returned to the house and to her bedroom. She had made her choice. She was sacrificing old associations to her present need; and one after another, she saved the ornamenting balls from her mother's high-post bedstead. Perhaps the one element of tragedy lay in the fact that Della was no mechanician, and she had not foreseen that, having one flat



side, her balls might decline to roll. But that dismay was brief. A weaker soul would have flinched; to Della it was a futile check, a pebble under the wave. She laid her balls calmly aside. Some day she would whittle them into shape; for there were always coming to Della days full of roömy lelsure and large content. Meanwhile apples would serve her turn—good alike to draw a weary mind out of its channel or teach the shape of spheres. And so, with two russets for balls and the clothes-slice for mallet (the heavy sledge-hammer having failed, Della serenely, yet in triumph, played her first game against herself.

"Don't you drive over them wickets," she called imperiously when Eben came up from his lot in his dingle cart.

"Them what?" returned he, and Della had to go out to explain. He looked at them gravely; hers had been a ragged piece of work.

"What under the sun'd you do that for?" he inquired. "The young ones wouldn't turn their hand over for't. They ain't big enough."

"Well, I be," said Della briefly. "Don't you drive over 'em."

Eben looked at her and then at his path to the barn, and he turned his horse aside.

Thereafter, until we got used to it, we found a vivid source of interest in seeing Della playing croquet and always playing alone. That was a very busy summer, because the famous drought came then, and water had to be carried for weary rods from spring and river. Sometimes Della did not get her playtime till three in the afternoon, sometimes not till after dark; but she was faithful to her joy. The croquet

ground suffered varying fortunes. It might happen that the balls were potatoes, when apples failed to be in season, often her wickets broke, and stood up in two ragged horns. Sometimes one fell away altogether, and Della, like the planets, kept an uneven track. Once or twice the mistaken benevolence of others gave her real distress. The minister's daughter, noting her solitary game, mistook it for forlornness, and, in the warmth of her maiden heart, came to ask if she might share. It was a timid though official benevolence; but Della's bright eyes grew dark. She clung to her kitchen chair.

"I guess I won't," she said, and, in some dim way, everybody began to understand that this was but an intimate and solitary joy. She had grown so used to spreading her banquets for one alone that she was frightened at the sight of other cups upon the board; for although loneliness begins in pain, by and by, perhaps, it creates its own species of sad and shy content.

Della did not have a long life; and that was some relief to us who were not altogether satisfied with her outlook here. The place she left need not be always desolate. There was a good maiden sister to keep the house and Eben and the children would be but briefly sorry. They could recover their poise; he with the health of a simple mind, and they as children will. Yet he was truly stunned by the blow; and I hoped, on the day of the funeral that he did not see what I did. When we went out to get our horse and wagon, I caught my foot in something which at once gave way.

I looked down—at a broken wicket and a withered apple at the str...e.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

An English wit suggests that the suppressed "Choate Jest Book" to which reference was made in this department last month, will be remembered by bibliographers as the "Inchoate Jest Book."

The famous "Chiswick Press," which was founded more than a century ago by Charles Whittingham, is still carried on under the name of Charles Whittingham & Co.

The Academy suggests that to the ordinary mind "an Irish poem is an English poem over which the words 'wind' and 'stars' have been shaken from a pepper castor." Perhaps the remark has some pertinency as applied to Mr. Yeats, but scarcely if applied to Nora Hopper or Moira O'Neill.

Arthur Tennyson, brother of the late Laureate, was eighty-five when he died, a few days ago. He resembled his brother somewhat in appearance and temperament; and it was to him that Alfred when a lad, on a long walk in Lincolnshire, confided his purpose to be famous, a purpose which was more successfully executed than most of the "long, long thoughts" of youth.

Mr. Carl Neufeld is to publish from the press of Chapman & Hall a narrative of his captivity in the Soudan, in the course of which he takes occasion, it is said, to remonstrate with vehemence against what he regards as libelous statements concerning his later years of residence in the Soudan which have been printed in certain English newspapers.

The Academy notes many indications that the recent publication of so much

Kiplingana has caused a reaction in his disfavor. The Academy also notes the fact that even the London Times has fallen into the prevailing personal tone, and reports Mr. Kipling as wearing "a close-buttoned overcoat." What should a convalescent wear when starting on a voyage, asks the Academy.

Henry Holt & Co. publish a curious book entitled "The Hooligan Nights," which contains the reminiscences of a leader of a notorious London gang of burglars and counterfeiters, as told by him to a London journalist. The book contains interesting criminological information, but such an exploiting of thieves' adventures must always be looked at askance from a moral point of view.

A new and detailed exposition of one of the systems of Indian philosophy is given in a collection of lectures by the Swami Vivekananda, which are gathered together in a volume called "Vedanta Philosophy," published by the Baker & Taylor Company. A large part of the book is occupied with that method of attaining perfection known as Raja Yoga, and there are also translations of a number of aphorisms and an excellent glossary.

The Revised New Testament has figured in a copyright suit in England. The syndics of Oxford and Cambridge brought an action against a firm of educational publishers to restrain them from printing any books containing citations from the Revised Version. The court decided that in using 234 out of 2,578 alternative readings from the Revised Version, although 209 of the former number were readings familiar to students of the Greek New Testament,

the defendant publishers had been guilty of an infringement of copyright.

Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co. make the interesting announcement that they have acquired the publications of Messrs. Copeland & Day, who are retiring from business. There could not be a more appropriate succession to the ownership of the dainty books which have hitherto borne the Copeland & Day imprint. Among them are Professor Richard Burton's essays and verse; the two "Vagabondia" books by Bliss Carman and Richard Hovey; Stephen Crane's "Black Riders;" Miss Rayner's novel of Colonial New York, "Free to Serve;" Miss Gulney's "Patrons" and "Lovers' Saint-Ruth's;" Morris Rosenfeld's "Songs from the Ghetto;" Father Tabb's "Poems" and "Lyrics;" and the exquisite English Love Sonnet Series.

The cavalry regiment known as the "Rough Riders," who went to Cuba under the command of Colonel—now General—Wood, and Lieutenant-Colonel—now Governor—Roosevelt, held a conspicuous place in the public eye because of the picturesque and dashing character of the troopers who composed it. The expectations felt regarding it were fully justified by the part which it took in the fighting near Santiago. Colonel Roosevelt tells the story of the regiment in a fully illustrated volume, "The Rough Riders" (Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers), written in a characteristically straightforward and forceful style. It is a virile book, which tells of manly deeds; and no one who reads it will feel it any longer a mystery that the unlooked-for emergency of war found thousands of courageous Americans ready to respond to the call.

It appears that even a serious study of the native Irishman does not result

in a serious book. In "Irish Life and Character" (Thomas Whittaker, publisher), Michael MacDonagh looks at his subject from many standpoints; he exhibits the Irishman as squire, lawyer, farmer, car-driver, beggar, fighter and lover, and proves his statements true by a variety of delightfully humorous incidents. The distinction of the volume is not only in the fact that the stories are fresh and genuinely mirth-provoking, but in their being told in a genial fashion that brings out their cleverness to the full. The chapters on Irish politics and law court proceedings are of especial interest, and abound in anecdotes of Curran, O'Connell, and a long line of notable judges. As a sympathetic treatment of Irish habits of thought and action, the book takes high rank, while as a collection of stories it is capital.

Attractive to the eye, rapid and graphic in style, and of a size especially adapted to transportation in the pocket, the "Beacon Series" of American biographies, published by Small, Maynard & Co., should find an immediate welcome among book-lovers. They represent a reaction against the ponderous two-volume biographies, which people form the excellent purpose of reading but never find time for. Within the compass of perhaps twenty thousand words, hardly twice the length of an ordinary review article, each of these volumes gives a succinct but sufficient account of its subject. Mr. M. A. DeWolfe Howe, who edits the series takes Phillips Brooks for his subject; Mr. Edward E. Hale, Jr., writes of James Russell Lowell; Mr. James Barnes of Admiral Farragut; Mr. Norman Hapgood of Daniel Webster; and Mr. W. P. Trent of General Robert E. Lee. Each volume has a photogravure portrait and a bibliography, and is daintily bound in flexible blue cloth, with gilt top.

## BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

- Appreciations and Addresses.** By Lord Rosebery. Edited by Charles Geake. John Lane.
- Arnold, Matthew.** By George Saintsbury. Wm. Blackwood & Sons.
- Asia, Heart of, The.** By F. H. Skrine and E. D. Ross. Methuen & Co.
- Authority and Archaeology.** By S. R. Driver, D. D., and others. Edited by David G. Hogarth. John Murray.
- Brooks, Phillips.** By M. A. DeWolfe Howe. Small, Maynard & Co. Price 75c.
- Builders, Cathedral, The.** By Leader Scott. Blackie & Son.
- Egypt, A History of, Under the Ptolemaic Dynasty.** By J. P. Mahaffy. Methuen & Co.
- Eton and Etonians, Memories of.** By Alfred Lubbock. John Murray.
- Eugenie, Empress of the French.** By Clara Tschudi. Swan Sonnenschein & Co.
- European Literature, Periods of. The Fourteenth Century.** By F. J. Snell. Blackwood & Sons.
- Farragut, David G.** By James Barnes. Small, Maynard & Co. Price 75c.
- India, British, A history of.** By Sir William Wilson Hunter, K. C. S. I. Longmans, Green & Co.
- Jesus Christ, Trial of, The.** By A. Taylor Innes. T. & T. Clark.
- John and His Friends.** By Louis Albert Banks, D.D. Funk & Wagnalls Co. Price \$1.50.
- Jowett, Benjamin, Letters of.** Edited by Evelyn Abbott and Lewis Campbell. John Murray.
- Lakes, English, Life and Nature at the.** By the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley. Maclehose & Sons.
- Lee, Robert E.** By William P. Trent. Small, Maynard & Co. Price 75c.
- Lowell, James Russell.** By Edward Everett Hale, Jr. Small, Maynard & Co. Price 75c.
- Millionaire's Daughter, A.** By Percy White. C. Arthur Pearson.
- Mountaineers, The Early.** By Francis Gribble. T. Fisher Unwin.
- Naturalism and Agnosticism.** By James Ward, Sc. D. A. & C. Black.
- Open Road, a Little Book for the Wayside, The.** Compiled by Edward Verrall Lucas. Grant Richards.
- Philosophy, Better-World. A Sociological Synthesis.** By J. Howard Moore. The Ward Waugh Co. Price \$1.00.
- Philosophy, Indian, The Six Systems of.** By the Right Hon. F. Max Muller, K. M. Longmans, Green & Co.
- Russia in Asia: A Record and a Study.** By Alexis Krausse. Grant Richards.
- Science, Christian.** By Rev. William Short, M. A. Thomas Whittaker. Price 25c.
- Science of Medicine, and Its Relation to the People, The.** By Henry Jameson, B. S. Indiana Medical Journal Publishing Co.
- Shakespeare in France under the Ancien Régime.** By J. J. Jusserand. T. Fisher Unwin.
- Shakespeare, Religion of, The.** By Henry Sebastian Bowden of the Oratory. Burns & Oates.
- Silence Farm: a Novel.** By William Sharp. Grant Richards.
- Strange Story of Hester Wynne, The.** By G. Colmore. Smith, Elder & Co.
- Swallow: A Tale of the Great Turk.** By H. Rider Haggard. Longmans, Green & Co.
- Webster, Daniel.** By Norman Hapgood. Small, Maynard & Co. Price 75c.

